HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 667.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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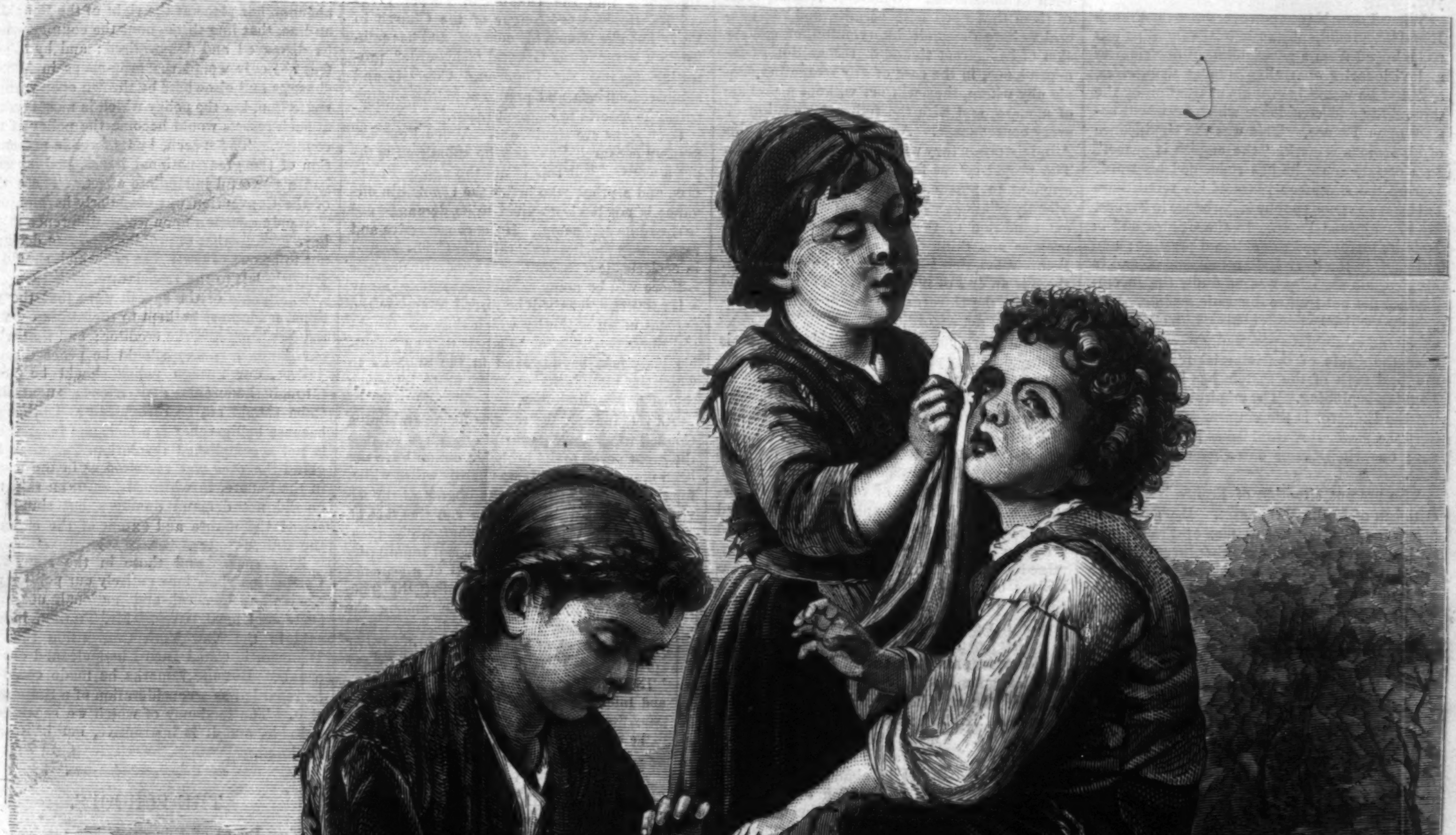


THE THORN IN THE FOOT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 9, 1869.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S NEW SYSTEM.

It is announced that the majority of the Prince Imperial of France will be declared upon his next birthday. This fact, with the age and recent illness of the Emperor, so serious that the Empress abandoned her Eastern tour, must remind every Frenchman who really desires permanent repose for his country that the prospect of obtaining it is rapidly disappearing. Nearly seventy years ago Napoleon said to Lafayette, "The French are tired of liberty." Lafayette answered that they were tired only of license, and their sufferings from the abuse of liberty made them only the more desirous of real freedom. "And that," he said, "Citizen First Consul, the French expect from you."

When Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic, he said, substantially, that nothing was to be hoped from a government of doctrinaires and visionaries quarreling among themselves, and that he would justify his usurpation by the tranquillity and confidence which he would bestow upon France. This was the significance of his famous remark, "the empire is peace." In a certain sense he has redeemed his word. During the seventeen years of his reign there has been no serious public disturbance in France. He has adorned Paris. In the Crimea and in Italy he maintained the national prestige; and although in the later Italian movement, and in Mexico, his sagacity was at fault, the incompetency did not lead to domestic trouble. The principle which he extols in his "Life of Cæsar," Cæsarism or absolute personal government, has been the guide of the imperial régime. But the fatal fault of the system has been evident from the beginning. The empire may be peace, but the Emperor is the empire. While Cæsar lives the power that establishes his rule continues; but when Cæsar dies Cæsarism is impotent.

The present situation of France is the final criticism of Louis Napoleon. He has sought his own glory, not the welfare of France, and he has not been able to see that, even for himself, a true patriotism was the best policy. He has preferred a strictly personal government, and in so doing, despite the claims of his friends that he is a remarkably sagacious man, and despite a certain reputation for political study and philosophy due to his "Napoleonic ideas," he has shown that he has not comprehended the cardinal principle that a stable and progressive government is one of laws, not of persons. In the last days of a fierce civil war lasting for four years the President of the United States is assassinated, but his death does not in the least degree affect the operation of the government, and, while it terribly shocks, it does not injuriously disturb the public mind. But at the end of seventeen years of undisputed and peaceful supremacy, the mere prospect of the death by illness of the Emperor of France is the sure portent of confusion and dismay.

For this situation Louis Napoleon and France are equally responsible—the Emperor for supposing that permanent order could be established upon personal supremacy, and the French for not demanding a constitutional system. This has indeed been the demand of a party; but it was not so plainly the resolution of the country that it could not be disregarded. And that it has been disregarded, and that Louis Napoleon has chosen by restrictions of the press and by his whole system of centralization to be deaf to the voice of the nation, convicts him of incapacity rightly to use the power that he seized, and makes his usurpation a crime. No reason can be urged for the concessions of the *Senatus Consultum* now that were not equally valid ten years ago. The moment for an absolute ruler to begin a constitutional régime is when he is in the fullness of his power and renown, not when his force is failing, and the constitution is seen to be a tub thrown to the whale. Louis Napoleon's true policy was the extremest constitutional liberalism, and that is almost the only form of government which France has not tried within the last century.

The radical defect of the system now proposed by Louis Napoleon is, that the Ministry is not responsible to the people. If the change in the direction attempted is necessary, then a more radical change is imperative. A Ministry responsible to a Senate which the Emperor appoints is not a responsible Ministry in the legitimate sense. The point for which Louis Napoleon ought to hope to provide is the peaceful succession of his son. But how does the *Senatus Consultum* do that? It is plain that the security against trouble when the Emperor dies would be the conviction of the people that they really have the power. The new system does not assure them of that. The majority of the Prince Imperial may be declared, but nobody can declare that of the empire. At any moment the Emperor may fall, and apparently the empire must fall with him.

THE SICKLES NOTE.

We have never supposed that the Administration would choose this moment to threaten Spain, or to depart from the honorable traditions of American neutrality. We have therefore been constantly unwilling to believe that propositions of the kind reported for a settlement of the Cuban question had been made to the Spanish Government; and we are not surprised to learn that the note which General Sickles was said to have addressed to that Government, conveying a menace, was not approved at Washington. Nothing could well be more superfluous and insulting than to state to Spain that if she did not behave differently we should recognize the Cubans as belligerents. This, however, is merely the reported threat of the note. As we said last week, it is not easy to know precisely any thing upon the subject.

The United States need not threaten. Their power is recognized and assured. Their respect for treaty obligations, and the comity of nations, and their own neutrality laws, have been demonstrated. Whenever it shall seem to them that good faith permits, and the general welfare demands, intervention, or concession of belligerent rights, or recognition of independence, in the case of any struggling people any where, they will act without a prelude of menace, and with the full consideration of every consequence. And especially under this Administration they will act without Buncombe. The proper course for the United States Government to pursue, with a due regard for its friendly relations with Spain, and for the present condition of that country, if it wishes to propose any thing, is to offer friendly mediation. When that is declined in the same spirit, there is an end of the matter. The war would continue, the Government would watch it narrowly, and act accordingly.

If the war upon the Spanish side in Cuba is distinguished by peculiar barbarity, it is becoming in any power friendly to Spain to remonstrate at its discretion. But it should remonstrate in the name of humanity and civilization, and not seize the occasion to bluster. Every remonstrance of this kind implies a reserved possibility. If the warfare is so inhuman as to provoke expostulation, of course if the expostulation be disdained or unheeded, the warned nation is prepared for all consequences. Should it appear that the note of General Sickles contained nothing more than an earnest remonstrance of this kind, the perturbation of the Spanish press would be entirely unnecessary. But if it were confined to such an expostulation, that perturbation would hardly have arisen.

It is to be presumed, therefore, that our Minister has gone further, and as a politician educated in the manifest destiny school, it is not impossible that he has seriously transcended his instructions. The London *Times* says there is no doubt that the alternative offered Spain by the United States is abandonment of the island or American recognition of the insurgents, and apprehends serious events. The *Times* is unquestionably mistaken. The Administration would not take such a responsibility, and it would not be sustained by public opinion if it did. The *Times* adds that the abolition of slavery in Cuba has been determined by the home Government, and that negotiations have begun for the severance of the island from Spain. Does it not occur to the *Times* that if these are facts the conduct which it attributes to the United States Government is ridiculous? Why should we be supposed to threaten Spain if she does not do what she has already done?

When the Cortes and Congress meet, the Cuban question of course can not be evaded. We still doubt whether Spain will offer absolutely to part from Cuba. As we said some weeks since, it is more likely that before yielding to the revolution she will propose an armistice, a plan of reforms, and a vote of the Cubans upon the question of separation. Congress, if it faithfully represent public opinion, will not depart from the national traditions of conduct in such circumstances, and will not allow any supposed desire of annexation to influence its action.

CATHOLIC PROTESTANTS.

Although when Pope Pius the Ninth was elected to the chair of St. Peter he began his Pontificate by the display of a liberal political spirit, although, after the gloomy régime of Gregory the Sixteenth, the words and acts of the new Pope seemed to promise a millennium of joy and progress to the Roman States, and a fresh inspiration to the polity of the Church, it was tranquilly said by those who thoroughly comprehended the nature of the Church, that if Pius were another Gregory the Great or Hildebrand, he could stir the Church to the centre, and shake the religious world; but if he were only what his career to that time had led every body to believe, then he would be a leaf upon Niagara. Poor Pius has certainly not been a Hildebrand: but he has summoned a Council.

It is more than three hundred years since there has been a General Council of the Church of Rome, and its authority is so vast and vague in assumption, and so undecided in fact, that to invoke it has always seemed to threaten more danger than profit to the Church. The call for the present assembly by a Pope who has denounced the whole spirit of modern civilization as irreligious, and whose organs have plainly foreshadowed the enormity and stringency of the dogmas likely to be declared, has, of course, profoundly moved the great body of Roman Catholics.

The consequences already begin to appear. The two old tendencies in the Church, the Ultramontane and the Gallican, are becoming daily evident. These names describe in general the liberal and the anti-liberal movement—the assertion of universal ecclesiastical supremacy, and the protest against it. The Bavarian Prime Minister has expressed his dissatisfaction. Austria quietly awaits events, but will, of course, resist any extraordinary assumptions. Montalembert, the *preux chevalier* of the Roman Church among European laymen, has declared his sympathy with the Germans, who protest in advance against the probable action of the Council; and the telegraph announces that the Dominican Father Hyacinthe, the honeyed tongue of the Church in Paris, has abandoned his convent, and has published a letter to the General of his order, protesting against the Pope and Council, and against doctrines and practices of the Church which he asserts to be unchristian.

Such signs are significant. When Pope Innocent censured Fenelon he submitted without a word. But this is not the age of Fenelon, and a priest who defies the Council in advance is not likely to yield to its demands nor to dread its anathema. If the conservative and reactionary spirit should rule the Council—and in ecclesiastical assemblies it generally prevails—there will be many a Montalembert, many a Hyacinthe, who will be forced to oppose the decrees of an authority which they are taught to believe infallible, or to admit that an infallible body may be mistaken in the subjects to which its infallibility extends, or to renounce their Church altogether.

As yet, indeed, the reasons for assembling a Council which were powerful enough to balance the great perils of its probable action have not been made evident. It was hardly worth while, for the sake of declaring the dogma of the divinity of the Virgin Mary, to run the risk of convulsing the Church; and what can be gained by the assertion of the personal infallibility of the Pope, if it is at the cost of a schism? To those who are not of the Church the spectacle will be interesting; while among the most extraordinary incidents in history would be the declaration of the highest authority of the greatest multitude of Christians in the world, that the era of the greatest general enlightenment and most active progress, the era of breaking chains, and of the most careful study of human welfare, was radically hostile to the spirit of Christ.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The New York Democratic Convention was an assembly of the most noted party leaders; but nothing in its proceedings commended it to the sympathy of those who believe that this is a truly democratic government intended to secure equal rights for all the people. Mr. Tilden exhorted his friends to let by-gones be by-gones, and he declared for what he called white labor against the Chinese immigrant and the colored citizen. But he did not remind his friends that the by-gones, including a bloody war, were the work of Democrats, and that certain dogmas of the party must be abandoned because the people had spurned them; nor did he show any consciousness that in a country of which a seventh of the population is colored, and which invites immigration, to declare for one color or race against another is to forbid fair play, and to encourage hatred, confusion, and anarchy.

Mr. Tilden having said that he did not wish to see any immigrants coming to the country who could not be amalgamated with the population in one homogeneous mass, Mr. O'Gorman said that the population itself was immigrant. Of course both remarks were equally acceptable to a party which fraudulently multiplies the ignorant immigrant vote in New York and declaims against the colored native vote in Georgia. Mr. O'Gorman also said that the Republican party had obtained influence by "interpreting that transient emotion, that angry passion, which now, thank God, is eradicated from the American heart." The transient emotion and angry passion which have given the Republican party power, which maintain its continued dominance in the minds of the most intelligent men and in the most enlightened parts of the country, were the love of liberty and the perception of the relation of justice to national prosperity, which have abolished the most infamous slavery against the protest of what is called Democracy, and have proclaimed the equal rights of all American citizens against the most desperate Democratic endeavors.

Mr. Tilden and Mr. O'Gorman, and all Democratic orators and conventions, may be very sure that it is not by contrasting the history, character, and measures of the two parties that they can hope to make converts among intelligent Americans. Mr. Cassidy, who is one of the ablest of the Democratic editors, and who is understood to have written the resolutions, also points us to the history of his party from the beginning. But surely he, equally with his friends the orators, knew that the reason the Democratic party was constantly defeated from 1860 to 1868, during the deadly struggle to save the country and the government, was the universal conviction of the American people that a party which had furnished every rebel and every sympathizer with rebellion was not a truly patriotic party.

Mr. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Sumner's speech at the Massachusetts Republican Convention took the ground that the chief consideration in the pending election is the position of the State upon the great national questions. He very properly assumed that if Massachusetts, of all the States in the Union, should, upon some issue of prohibition, abandon her place at the right of the Republican line, that line throughout the country would be dismayed and demoralized; and by its defeat not only would the grog-shops in Massachusetts and elsewhere be thrown open without restriction, but the policy which is most favored at such resorts would become the policy of the country. The speech, by its forcible presentation of the great national issues, undoubtedly had a powerful immediate effect. The action of the Convention was singularly harmonious. The only question upon which difference might have arisen—that of prohibition—was declared not to be one of party, but one which should be properly left to the Legislature.

The points of the speech were that the national faith must be kept to the uttermost with the freedman and the creditor; and that while our domestic policy should be peace through justice, our foreign policy should be peace through honorable and friendly neutrality. Cuba should not be recognized as belligerent, because belligerency is a fact, and insurrection is not accomplished revolution. Against England the case was re-stated as in the speech in the Senate, in which Mr. Sumner said that he did not demand damages, but simply declared the nature and extent of the claim of the United States.

This speech and those in the New York Convention show how entirely our politics proceed upon general and national, not upon State and local issues. Mr. Tilden, indeed, said in the New York Convention that the Democratic Canal Board had cleaned out the canals. But the remarks he made could not be regarded as a consideration of a State question. The tendency of which we speak is inevitable, and it is instructive, nor is it to be deplored.

THE SCHOOLS.

The Board of Education has resolved that the Latin and Greek languages shall still be taught in the College of the City of New York. Mr. Larremore, the President of the Board, claimed that it was not the business of the trustees to decide whether the College was a desirable institution or not. It has been founded by the State; he and his associates have been made trustees; and as the languages are a recognized part of every college curriculum, it is, in his judgment, the duty of the Board to follow the precedent, unless good reason can be urged against it. This he has not found, and he warmly advocated the study of the Latin and Greek, and opposed dropping them from the course. The Opposition made the mistake of underestimating the value of the classical studies as a reason for discontinuing them in the College. It may be desirable to do that, but not for the reason that they are valueless.

This question being settled, there are subjects of more importance that will demand the attention of the Board. It is alleged that the accommodations of the schools are wholly insufficient, and we have even read one statement that thousands of children were excluded for this reason last year.

The one thing that we can all clearly see is, that ignorance is fatal to a popular government, and that a certain kind and degree of education are so indispensable to the public welfare that the State is justified in providing for them at the common expense. Unquestionably, also, the same consideration would justify making that education obligatory.

First of all, there must be room enough in the schools, and the school-houses must be not only sufficiently spacious, but perfectly secure, well-lighted, and properly ventilated. Of course, in the city of New York, with the rapid increase of the population by immigration, it is not easy to keep pace with the demand of such accommodations. The schools must be built in every part of the city, and the highest prices for land, material, and labor must necessarily be paid. These indispensable expenses are very great, but they are unavoidable, and the Board should not hesitate to ascertain, from statistics and calculations which are at hand, just what is necessary for the proper school accommodation of all the children, including in the estimate a liberal rate of salary to all teachers. Let them report to the public, but take care to show that the money will not be wasted. The new Constitution provides that instruction shall be free to all children in the State. Economy is always desirable; but parsimony in the support of schools is not economy. We do not believe that the taxpayers will grudge the payment of any sum for school purposes, so long as they are persuaded that it is honestly necessary.

It is true that the proper lines of a public school education are necessarily arbitrary, but they may still be drawn with a great deal of uniformity and precision. It is to be a general and not a special training; it is to furnish the elementary instruction, which at his own inclination and expense the scholar may afterward develop. We hope that the new Board will have plain principles and a definite policy, and not fear to trust the public good sense upon this most important of public interests.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

The principal trade thus far this season has been with the South and Southwest, and on a scale which shows a decided improvement in those localities in financial power, due mainly to the results of the cotton crop for the year ending on the 31st of August last. The total crop amounts to 2,260,557, in addition to 37,398 on hand on the 1st September, 1868; which, together, have yielded from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars to the cotton-growing States; with this advantage over former years that, having at the same time produced more food than is usual, the net profit from cotton equals that of those years when double the quantity of that staple was grown. Of the crop of this year 1,444,668 were exported to foreign countries, 821,924 were consumed north of Virginia and in the Northwestern States, and 173,203 in Virginia and the Cotton States—giving a total of 995,127 consumed in the United States, which quantity includes 20,203 bales burned, and 11,160 the estimated stock on hand on the 1st September, 1869.

It will be thus seen that foreign states contribute to this renewed strength of the South in the proportion which 1,444,668 bears to 2,297,955; and that the States north of Virginia and those of the Northwest in the proportion which the figures applicable to them bear to the whole produce.

The consumption in Virginia and the Cotton States—173,203 bales or thereabouts—shows the extent of the manufacturing industry in cotton fabrics which has grown up in the South—a result in great part of the war. This manufacture consists of cotton yarns and coarse shirtings and sheetings, the latter distributed quite largely in New York in free competition with cloths of like description proceeding from the old establishments. This industry will no doubt increase with advancing immigration into that quarter, as all the materials for success are found in the Southern States. Cotton and woolen mills are also springing up in the West, which supply their respective localities with many coarse fabrics.

The time is not distant when the Eastern and Northern States will bear the same relation to the Southern and Western in manufacturing industry that the European manufacturers now bear to us. The foreigner now supplies only fine goods, in the manufacture of which in four or five years we shall be actively engaged, the result of successful competition with us in the coarser fabrics which the spread of mills over the South and West will occasion. No other resource is left to us; and it may safely be assumed, if protection to our industry is not too much reduced, that we shall advance to the new competition with the foreign manufacturer, to which we shall be driven, with the skill and activity necessary for success. No American can examine the display of goods at the fair now in progress in this city without just pride at the advances made within a few years in woolen and dress goods—advances which leave no question of the eminence soon to be attained.

Another change has occurred in the condition of the South. More than one-half of the buyers from that quarter during this season are of the Jewish persuasion—a fact very perceptibly felt during the Jewish holidays, which are quite frequent and very well observed, leading to diminished sales by the jobbing and importing houses on the days when they occur. It will be recollected that during the war the Jews passed the lines of both belligerents very freely, as it was difficult to distinguish to which section they belonged, and they had scarcely any politics. The old houses of the South, which were in the habit of giving long credits to the planters, were many of them either killed or weeded out as the result of the conflict, and a new system of trade and new men followed. The aversion to long credits is shared not only by the new traders, but here also, and there is consequently greater safety in this respect. Efforts have been made this season to extend the credits on cotton goods, on the ground that the profits of the purchasers would be light, and that payment from home customers was expected only after the new crop had begun to come to market; but the effort was generally resisted by our leading houses.

Northern and Western buyers have not arrived very freely thus far, owing to their ability to receive goods rapidly, and to the tendency to hold low stocks which is common among the small dealers. Chicago has become a large distributor for the region pierced by her railroads, and she buys from first hands more generally than usual. Money not being plenty among Western farmers, the trade is confined to the supply of immediate wants; and although it will continue to be good and remunerative, it is not likely to partake of speculation in any part of the season.

The condition of the country as to its crops is now being regarded, at least in portions of it, with some uneasiness. A drought of uncommon severity had prevailed along the Atlantic coast, and it has become necessary to resort to stores laid up for the winter to supply the want of pasturage. The corn crop in light soils has been severely injured, in some cases entirely destroyed. In the adjoining county of Westchester farmers not favored with living springs have been obliged for nearly a month to send long distances for water, and they are now learning what were the sufferings of the English during the season of 1868. The autumnal equinox, which has been awaited with anxiety, has occurred; and as the rains have not been very copious, the now useless pastures will scarcely be restored this year. Water, however, is abundant.

The crops of small grains had been gathered throughout the Southern Atlantic States before the drought set in. In portions of South Carolina and Georgia the dry weather has affected the cotton as well as corn; but taking into view the whole cotton-producing region, there is scarcely a doubt that the quantity will be as large if not larger than the crop of 1868–69. Shipments of wheat from the South have been restrained by the fear that it will be necessary to call upon this cereal to supply the place of corn.

In the West the growth of all the cereals was quite good, but owing to the severe rains which fell at harvest-time much wheat has been injured, and the corn crop has been so delayed in ripening in the Northwest that an early frost would inflict serious damage.

The vast extent of the whole Union, and the varieties of climate with which we are favored, do not permit uniformity either in the benefits or the injuries to the farmer which attend the annual production. Neither the misfortune of drought nor the undue prevalence of severe rains is ever general over the entire country, and all do not simultaneously suffer. The advantage which some portions enjoy this year will furnish more grain than we shall need for consumption, but not much from Atlantic ports to satisfy the want abroad. Whether the cotton crop of 1869–70 will produce as large rewards as did that of 1868–69 is much discussed. There seems to be no fear that the production of cotton in other countries will be sufficiently in excess of the last crop to affect the demand for what we shall have to sell; but it must be recollected that manufacturers abroad and at home were not generally able to make a profit last season, and it can scarcely be expected that they will run their mills for another year at a loss. There was a sharp decline in middlings during the week which ended on the 18th September, due very much to the approach of new shipments, it having been long understood that 34½ cents for middlings could be maintained only during the prevalence of the scarcity which the nearly total consumption of the crop of 1868–69 had occasioned. To England cheap cotton is a necessity, and she will make as powerful efforts to accomplish it as have been made since last season, and with success thus far, to command the market-price of grain.

Business, however, of all descriptions was brought to a pause on Thursday and Friday by the exhibition of gambling in Wall Street, conducted on a scale of frightful extent and with the effrontery which disregards the substantial interests of the community. The time chosen for this speculation proved that its authors expected that it would be of short duration. It was during the pause which precedes the movement of new cotton, and but a little in advance of the period for large payments on account of interest from the Sub-treasury. Shipments of breadstuffs on an active scale were at the time going forward, which furnished a larger volume of exchange than was at the moment taken.

In the face of these adverse circumstances the speculation was set on foot and carried on with frantic violence in order that large margins might be suddenly claimed. The Treasury Department gave notice on Friday of its intention to sell gold, when the speculation suddenly collapsed, to the dismay of its authors, who can scarcely escape from severe loss, except it be by the sacrifice of brokers who acted in their behalf. Confusion has since reigned in Wall Street, and uncertainty has been communicated to all operations. It is to be hoped that a scheme so damaging and disgraceful may meet the reproof and the fate it deserves from the community.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR.

Nothing could be more touching than the pertinacity with which Mr. Alexander H. Stephens insists that the war was unconstitutional, and that a true regard for the fundamental law would have resigned the United States to total destruction. He continually argues at great length that the Constitution is merely a treaty between sovereign powers from which each may withdraw at pleasure; and in utter contravention of the peace and dignity of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the historian of the Constitution, the biographer of Webster, and a gentleman who believes to a degree that ought to console Mr. Stephens that the country has already arrived at the demnition bow-wows—in utter disregard, we say, of the peace and dignity aforesaid, Mr. Stephens stoutly asserts that Mr. Webster himself changed his views somewhat after his famous speech in reply to Hayne.

Mr. Stephens quotes from a subsequent argument of Mr. Webster's in the Supreme Court, in which he said: "I am not prepared to say that the States have no national sovereignty." And he declares that Mr. Calhoun reduced Mr. Webster to utter silence, crushed him, pulverized him, on the 26th of February, 1833. Upon that celebrated occasion Mr. Calhoun drew an argument in favor of the State sovereignty theory from the 7th article of the Constitution itself, which speaks of the establishment of the Constitution "*between* the States so ratifying." This blow, Mr. Stephens tells us, was overwhelming. It left Mr. Webster, so to speak, in a hopelessly limp and flabby intellectual condition, and he "never came back at his opponent." That word "between," Mr. Stephens again informs us, is an argument in favor of the treaty view of the Constitution that never has been and never can be answered.

Mr. Curtis replies by hurling Mr. Madison at Mr. Calhoun, and demanding, through his clenched teeth, as it were, whether Mr. Madison was not as good a Democrat and might not be presumed to understand the Constitution quite as well as Mr. Calhoun. He shows Mr. Madison's view of the subject to be identical with Mr. Webster's, and he follows up Mr. Stephens's airy speculations about "delegated" or "alienated" sovereignty with the unction of a Seraphic Doctor pushing an Angelic Doctor upon the most recondite theological abstraction. Then he descends upon the ex-Confederate Vice-President, and asks by what right, upon his theory of the Constitution, he complains of the military despotism, the satrapic system, and the "ruin at last," which Mr. Webster predicted, which now weighs upon the country.

Does it never occur to such disputants that the point upon which they differ was purposely left obscure in the Constitution, as the great, unexpressed compromise, that Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun, reasoning from the letter of the instrument merely, were both correct, because while the Constitution declares that "we the people" ordain it, it also makes it subject to ratification "between the States," and that such a radical difficulty could at last be settled in one way only, and that it has been settled? The people of the United States have declared with the most appalling emphasis that they are and will remain one nation. The only final interpreters of the Constitution have interpreted it. "You are all wrong," murmurs Mr. Stephens. "Constitutionally you ought at this very moment to be a moist, unpleasant body." It is the most affecting illustration upon record of "Scissors, if I die for it!"

NOTES.

Whether Mr. Leland's amusing "Hans Breitmann" is a work of genuine humor, and likely as such to hold a place in literature, is a question upon which good critics differ. But there can be no question whatever that it is excellent fun. A book which has so many laughs, or at least so much "smiling" in it, can not fail to be relished as long as the veritable Hans is so constantly before our eyes or lives in fresh tradition. It seems to us that there is also in the gay little volume a frequent stroke of real humor. There can, for instance, be no better satire upon the immense body of sentimental German poetry than the last stanza of the first poem, "Hans Breitmann's Party." It is irresistibly felicitous. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued the poems in a very neat and pretty volume, with a grave glossary at the end.

By the death of Mr. John Ridgeway, on the 4th of August, Boston lost an exemplary citizen, and the country one of its most remarkable inventors. He was well known as the inventor of the Ridgeway "Vertical Revolving Battery." He did not succeed in securing the adoption of his invention by the United States Government, but it has received from army and naval officers the highest commendation.

The first number of the *College Review*, a neat and attractive monthly of the form of the *Nation*, has appeared. We learn that the editor is Mr. P. C. Gilbert, and that the literary reviews are by Mr. W. L. Stone, who has also a general supervision of the paper. The opening number has some timely and pleasant articles, and the foreign correspondence is announced as of especial interest. A story by the late William L. Stone opens racily, and we do not doubt that the college boys will heartily agree with the remarks upon College Education, and give a hearty welcome to the visitor who appeals peculiarly to their sympathy, and who will be devoted to their service.

The *Times* says that "Paraguay is a republic threatened by a monarchy," and, therefore, appeals to our interest as republicans. So old Venice was a republic, but we doubt if Republican liberty suffered severely when it was overthrown. The people of Paraguay have as much share in their government as the people of Turkey. It is not with the name of Republic, but with the fact of popular government, that Americans naturally sympathize.

Mr. Henry Morrison, a gentleman hitherto unknown to us, sheds a good deal of light upon the present political situation in a late speech before the Young Men's Democratic Committee. His view of the Democracy, especially, is inspiring and novel. Mr. Morrison remarked that,

> "The genius of the Democratic party was as eternal as the country, and that both must expire simultaneously, without hope of resurrection by the light of the past. In the silent watches of the night the watchman's response was that the waters were there in their waste and in their volume rolling in; and in this immensity of expanse and inundation the good old ark of Democracy—her timbers strained but sound—was floating yet, and by the light of other days, which had not faded, the morning dawned. It broke, and with it came the dove upon the deck, bearing in her beak their omen and their pride: she came with evidence that the Empire State had given her foothold and welcome, for on each leaf and evergreen, in letters of light and life, again to the Democratic party, was inscribed, 'Excelsior.'"

After observing at some length that greatness and goodness and glory were identical with the Democratic party, and reviewing our political history with what the reporter invidiously describes as "considerable accuracy," the orator concluded by exclaiming:

> "Say not that republics were ungrateful. They had a ruler who, after M'Clellan's right hand was crippled by jealous interference, was illustrious; whose high altitude in the zenith of the aspirations of statesmen dazzled them with incomprehensibility when they regarded his qualifications, bidding Democrats take advantage of the interregnum which success of party had accomplished to ask a nation to return to the allegiance of the first principles of their existence, when its debt of gratitude had been overpaid at the expense of reason and justice in the admiring but intemperate embrace of the renowned soldier as the ensign of the so-called Republican party. Russia had her Poland, Austria her Hungary, England her Ireland, and America her South. Democracy said unbind them. Let them up and let them in. Unbound, they rose disenthralled and free, and resumed their rank among the sovereign States of a restored and perpetuated Union, and by the living light and life of the history of the Democratic party, with eyes upturned to heaven, redeemed, regenerated, and restored by Democracy and the inspiration of its genius, they claimed their birthright and their attributes of immortality."

If not entirely perspicuous, this will yet be universally agreed to present the subject in a very striking manner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Catacazy, the new Russian Minister, presented his credentials to the President on September 24.

The New York State Democratic Convention met at Syracuse September 22. The present State officers were renominated.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention met at Worcester September 22, and was presided over by Senator Sumner. Governor Claflin was renominated.

Colonel J. W. Powell, of the famous Powell Exploring Expedition in Colorado, has returned to Chicago, and reports that the part of the country through which he traveled is barren and not susceptible of cultivation. No precious metals were discovered.

The damage inflicted upon the wheat crop in Minnesota by the late storm is estimated at $5,000,000.

The engineer who a few weeks ago caused the Mast Hope disaster has been acquitted by the jury.

We give on page 654 a table, showing the remarkable fluctuations of the gold market in New York city from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., September 24, 1869.

FOREIGN NEWS.

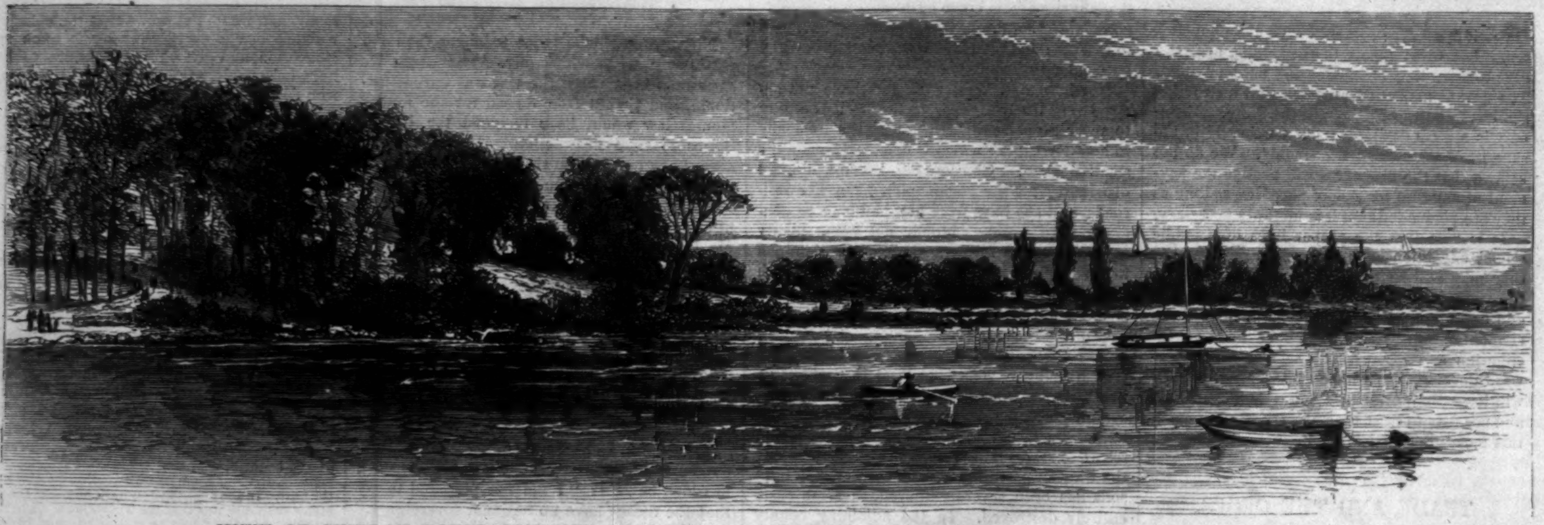
The Paris papers recently published a letter from the preacher-monk, Father Hyacinthe, addressed to the Father-General of his order at Rome, announcing that he abandons his convent, and ceases henceforth to preach in the Church of Notre Dame of Paris. As a reason for this radical step, he declares that he can not obey the orders of the Holy See. He protests, before the Pope and the Council, against doctrines and practices of the Romish Church which, as he contends, are not in accordance with the principles of Christianity. The French journals regard the letter of Père Hyacinthe as a great religious and political event.

Father Charles Loyson Hyacinthe was born at Orleans, France, in 1827, and completed his education at Pau. In 1853 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as a priest; but in the mean while he studied theology four years and taught philosophy at Avignon, and afterward theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in study and a novitiate of two years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order and was first a preacher in that city. While there, his sermons, delivered at the Lysée, were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Perigneux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, preaching at the Church of the Madeline, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted public attention and gained for himself a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter excites such wide-spread comment. The latest reports from Paris state that since its production Father Hyacinthe has left his convent, and at the home of his parents will await the decision of the Council.

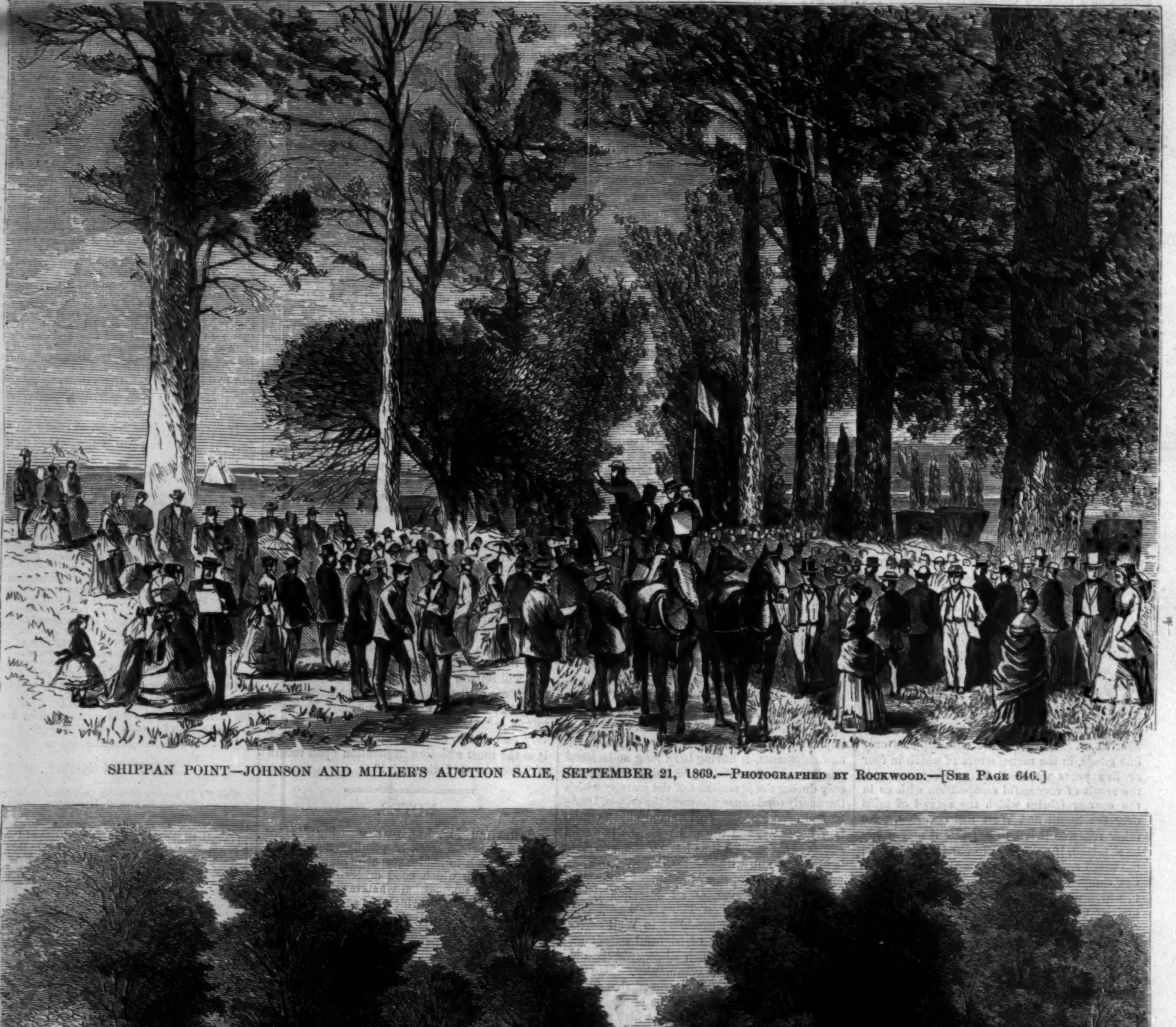
Our late advices from Spain report a revival of the reactionary movement against the Government. This time it is not the Carlists, but the Republicans. There had been a barricade fight in the streets of Barcelona, and an outbreak seemed imminent in Madrid. Castellar, the Republican leader, had recently addressed 20,000 people at Saragossa.

We have from Cuba a confirmation of the Las Tunas victory. Cespedes has assumed command of the Cuban army.

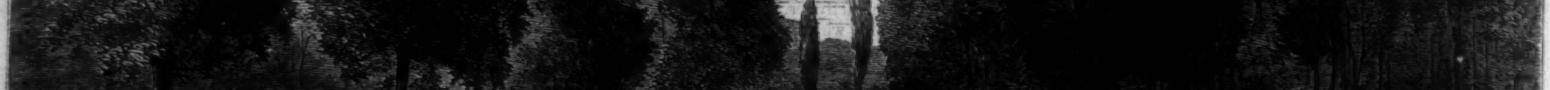
The Pope has politely informed Dr. Cumming, of England, that those only will be admitted to the Œcumenical Council who are in accord with the papal ideas.



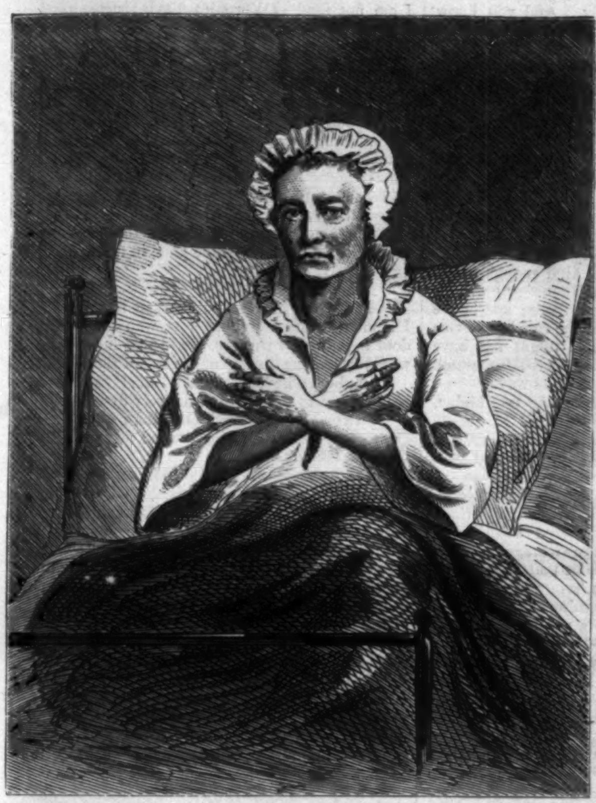
VIEW OF SHIPPAN POINT, OPPOSITE STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



SHIPPAN POINT—JOHNSON AND MILLER'S AUCTION SALE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1869.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



SHIPPAN POINT—VISITORS INSPECTING PROPERTY PRELIMINARY TO THE SALE OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1869.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCERATED NUN OF CRACOW.

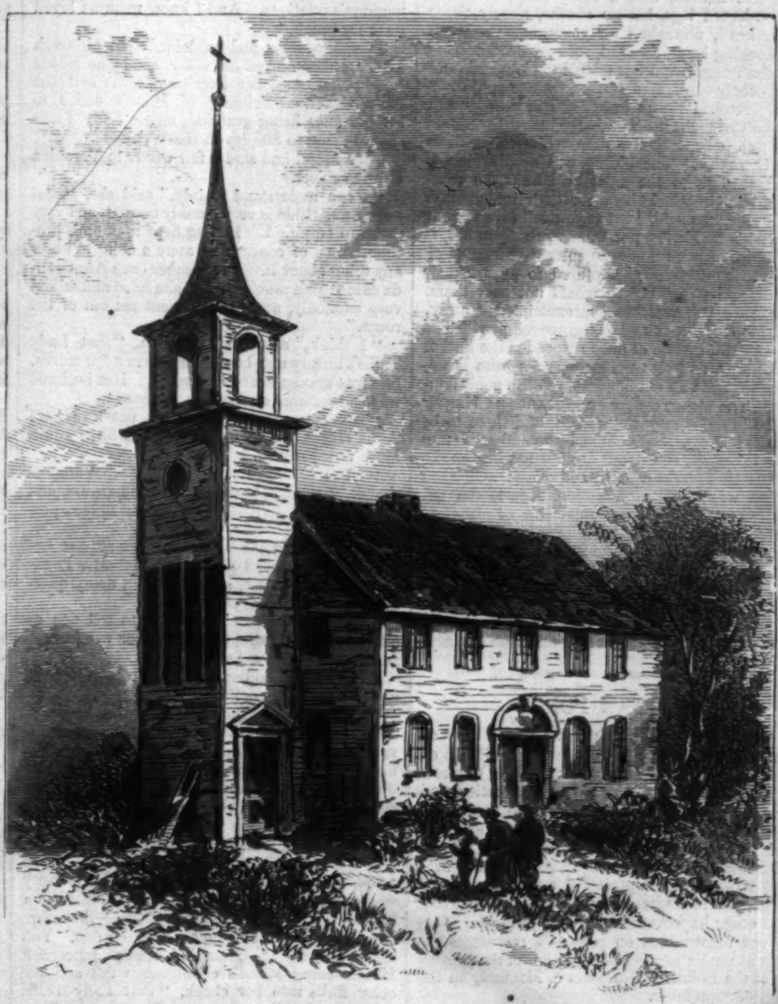
BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCERATED NUN.

Our readers will remember that, a few weeks since, we published a detailed narrative from the Vienna *Presse* of the incarceration of the Cracow nun, **Barbara Ubryk**. We give this week a portrait of this victim of conventual cruelty.

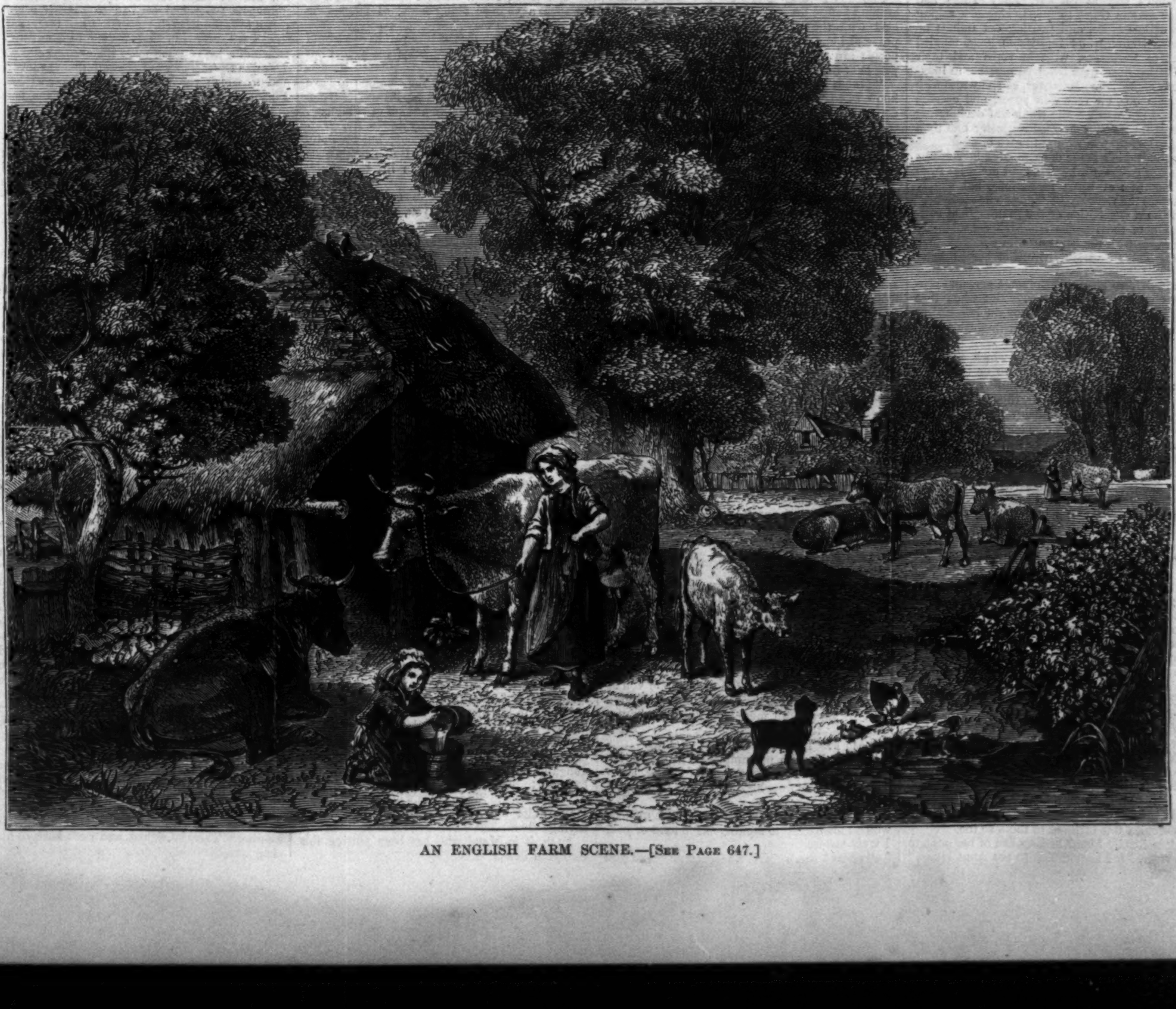
The Hull Convent scandal, in England, and this Cracow disclosure have each excited the most profound attention throughout Christendom, and have done much to disabuse the popular mind of the romantic notions so often associated with convent life. These revelations have also led some of the European governments to insist upon the right of exercising inspection over convents, as over other institutions where the lack of such supervision might lead to abuses.

The following is the substance of the information made public soon after the discovery of **Barbara Ubryk**'s incarceration:

About the 20th of July, an anonymous notice reached the Criminal Court at Cracow to the effect that in the Convent of the Carmelite Barefooted Nuns one of the order, named **Barbara Ubryk**, had been forcibly kept in close confinement in a dark cell for twenty-one years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, **Ritter von Antohiewicz**, immediately laid this information before a judge of inquiry, who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the bishop, **Von Galecki**, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. Herr **Von Galęcki** suggested to the judge that the notice might have arisen out of a false report; but when the officer of justice urged him to give him an ecclesiastical assistant, he declared that he would grant the request in his capacity as Papal delegate, and sub-delegated the Papal prelate **Spital**, a very intelligent and worthy priest. In his company and that of his actuary, **Kwialkowski**, the judicial witnesses, **Stanislaus Gralewski** and **Theophil Parvi**, the judge drove to the convent. The latter, which is one of the strictest female orders, is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Cracow. The convent was first entered by Father **Spital**, and the commission went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister **Barbara**. This cell, between the pantries, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very probably, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark, infected hole, adjoining the sewer, sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitifully implored: "I am hungry; have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient—" This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth, and a dish with rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing—no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed by a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman Sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the Gray Sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. Half human be-



THE OLDEST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND, AT WICKFORD, RHODE ISLAND.
Sketched by Charles E. Hurd.—[See Page 647.]



AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.—[See Page 647.]

ing, half animal, with a filthy body, with thin knock-kneed legs, hollow cheeks, closely shorn dirty head, unwashed for years, came a horrible-looking being forward, such as DANTE in his wildest imagination was unable to picture. With her deeply-sunk eyes staring on one spot knelt this wretched victim in her cell in the Convent of the Carmelites. The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop GALECKI. The bishop was deeply moved, and, turning to the assembled nuns, he vehemently reproached them for their inhumanity. "Is this," he said, "what you call love of your neighbor? Furies, not women, that you are, is it thus that you purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven?" The nuns ventured to excuse their conduct, but the bishop would not hear them. "Silence, you wretches!" he exclaimed; "away, out of my sight, you who disgrace religion!" The bishop and prelate at once suspended the Father Confessor, and also the Superioress, who is descended from an old honorable Polish noble family. The bishop ordered nun BARBARA UBRYK to be brought into a clean cell, and there to be dressed and nursed. When the unhappy nun was led away, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave; and when asked why she had been imprisoned, she answered: "I have broken the vow of chastity; but," pointing with a fearfully wild gesture and in great excitement to the Sisters, "they are not angels!"

This fearful personal history, which was brought to the light of day by chance alone, shows what iniquity may be covered by the sacred name of religion even in this 19th century.

SHIPPAN POINT.

SHIPPAN POINT, of which we give a view on page 644, is a beautiful and fertile peninsula of 300 acres in extent, opposite Stamford, Connecticut. The surface slopes in every direction, and it is surrounded on all sides by the most exquisite scenery. In front, stretching westward and seaward for a long distance, lies Long Island Sound, with Long Island beyond. Through the groves and orchards of Shippan Point several miles of serpentine roads have been recently constructed, and other improvements are in progress. One of our illustrations on page 644 represents the sale at public auction of a portion of the property at the Point, by JOHNSON & MILLER, on the 21st of September.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR JOHN IS DISCUSSED.

DURING the first four or five years of Maud Desmond's stay at Shipley, Lady Tallis had written several times to Mr. Levincourt, asking news of her niece, and pouring out tidings of her own troubles and injuries in long, tangled skeins of sentences, wherein verbs and their nominative cases were involved together in inextricable confusion. Moreover, as she wrote with very pale ink, on very thin paper, and crossed each page of writing, the trouble of deciphering her epistles speedily became a greater one than Mr. Levincourt was willing to give himself.

Her ladyship's mode of expressing herself was singularly enigmatical. This did not arise from any intention of being mysterious, but simply from what the vicar styled "puzzle-headedness," and from a conception of the grammatical construction of the English language considerably at variance with the best authorities.

Lady Tallis invariably wrote of her husband as "he." This was intelligible until some other male individual requiring the same personal pronoun appeared in the letter. But when that other individual—whoever he might be—had to be mentioned, the difficulty of distinguishing the "he's" became considerable.

Add to this that every word which could be abbreviated was cut down to two or three letters: "which" became wh, "your" yr, "morning" mrg, and so forth. As though time and letter-paper were so inestimably precious to the writer that they must be economized at all hazards. Though, in truth, she had quite as much both of the one and the other as she knew what to do with.

Mr. Levincourt would glance at the beginning and the end, and then would fold up the letter, saying to himself, as he placed it in his desk, that he would read it carefully "by-and-by."

As years went on the communications between Lady Tallis and the family at the vicarage grew rarer and rarer. Her ladyship was traveling about. The town-house was let on a long lease. Her address was uncertain. It became more and more apparent—or would have become so to any one taking the trouble to consider the poor lady's epistles with patience and sympathy—that her married life was wretched. She would, she said, very gladly have received her niece for a while, but "circumstances forbade her doing so." What those circumstances were, the vicar knew with tolerable accuracy.

Veronica, too, had learned from her mother more of Lady Tallis's history than was known to Maud. Mrs. Levincourt had often expressed her contempt for Lady Tallis's weakness in submitting to be crushed and tyrannized over by her husband, and had said that the woman must be an imbecile.

Veronica was inclined to think so too.

Occasionally Maud had spoken of her aunt to the vicar. "I should like to see Aunt Hilda," she had said. "She is the only one left of dear mamma's relatives. And I know mamma loved her very much."

Then the vicar had explained that although Mrs. Desmond loved her sister, she by no means loved or esteemed her sister's husband: and that there was no possibility of Maud's desire to see her aunt being gratified, unless Lady Tallis should come to Shipley-in-the-Wold.

Once Maud had said a few words to Veronica on the subject.

"I can understand plainly," said she, "that poor Aunt Hilda is very harshly treated, and very much to be pitied. During dear mamma's lifetime I was, of course, too mere a child to know any thing about it. I remember once Aunt Hilda came to see mamma; and she cried and talked very excitedly, and mamma sent me out of the room."

"I think," answered Veronica, "that Lady Tallis's history may be summed up in a few words. She was good-natured and weak. Her husband was bad-natured and strong. Ecco!"

"But I wonder why he does not love her! Aunt Hilda had beauty and gentle birth and a kind, sweet nature."

"I believe, Maud, that men love what amuses them. Now it is possible to be handsome, and well-born, and good-natured, and yet to bore people to death."

When, during the first day of her stay at Lowater House, Maud discovered that Mr. Lockwood knew her aunt, she asked him many questions about her.

"I am unfortunately not able to tell you as much of Lady Tallis as my mother would be," answered Hugh Lockwood.

"Mrs. Lockwood and my aunt were quite intimate, were they not?"

"They lived in the same boarding-house at Torquay for some time. My mother was an invalid, and had been advised to go to Devonshire for the winter. Lady Tallis was there alone; so was my mother; and they found each other's society more congenial than that of the rest of the people in the house."

"And Aunt Hilda was quite alone?"

"Quite alone. At first we supposed her to be a widow; but after a short time she became very confidential with my mother, and explained that her husband was still living, but that—that—her marriage was not a fortunate or happy one. You must understand, Miss Desmond," proceeded Hugh, seeing Maud's countenance fall and the color flush into her cheek, "that Lady Tallis volunteered this statement. My mother, however, has a singular power of winning confidence. It has more than once happened to her to receive the most curious particulars of their private history from almost total strangers. I think that if you knew her you would not distrust her."

"I never distrust people," answered Maud, looking up candidly into his face. Then a thought came into her mind, and she added, hastily, "Not quite *never;* of course I am bound in conscience to own that there are some faces, and especially some voices, which inspire me with distrust, perhaps unjustly."

She was sitting alone with her hostess next evening before dinner. The twilight still struggled with the blaze of the fire. It was that peaceful hour between day and night when old people are apt to dream of the past and young people of the future.

"Maud," said Mrs. Sheardown, "do you know when your guardian's guest is to take his departure?"

"Not certainly. As soon as he was well enough to travel, he said, when I left the vicarage. That is vague, of course. But I should think he might go by this time."

"That sounds a little like 'I wish he would go.'"

"Does it?"

"You don't like this Sir John Gale, Maud. Have you any reason for not liking him, or has *he* one of those faces or voices which inspire you with distrust? I'll make a confession, Maud. *I* have a strange distrust of this man, and with less excuse than you; for I have never spoken to nor even seen him. It is one of what I call my presentiments, and what Tom calls my unreasonable feminine prejudices! I wish the man were fairly away out of the vicarage. Does Mr. Levincourt like him?"

"Very much. Uncle Charles finds him amusing, and able to talk upon subjects which my guardian seldom has an opportunity of discussing."

"And Miss Levincourt—does she like him too?"

"Oh— Yes; I think so."

"That he admires her is a matter of course. She is very handsome."

"Veronica has the most beautiful face I know."

"Yes, she is strikingly handsome. Our young friend, Hugh Lockwood, was quite captivated by her beauty the other evening."

"Yes."

"I warned him not to burn his wings, for I do not think a poor man would have much chance with Miss Levincourt."

"N—no—I don't know."

"I don't say that she would be deliberately mercenary—only—only I don't think she would happen to fall in love with a poor man."

"Dear Mrs. Sheardown, I always cite you as one of the most just persons I know. But—don't be angry with me—I do think you are a little unjust to Veronica."

"Am I? I will try not to be, Maudie."

"It would seem presumptuous in me to talk to you in this way, only that I, of course, know Veronica so thoroughly. She has fine qualities; indeed she has."

"She has, at all events, one good quality, which I am willing to admit; she is fond of you, I truly believe."

"Indeed she is, Mrs. Sheardown. And you don't know how I try her. I lecture her and scold her sometimes terribly. And you know I am two years younger than she is. And yet she bears it all so well. I am sure that if Veronica loved only flatterers she would detest me."

"Who is it that does not detest Miss Desmond?" demanded Captain Sheardown, entering the room at this moment with Mr. Hugh Lockwood.

"Never mind," returned his wife; "the reference you heard on coming in concerned neither you nor Mr. Lockwood."

"We have been to Shipley-in-the-Wold, Nelly."

"What took you to Shipley-in-the-Wold?"

"Captain Sheardown was kind enough to go, partly on my account," said Hugh. "I wanted to have a look at the church there; and as we are to go to Danecester for the Sunday service at the cathedral, I thought I might not have another opportunity of seeing St. Gildas, which is curious, and very complete in its way."

"Had I known we were going to Shipley, Miss Desmond," said the captain, "I should have asked if you had any commands to give me. But we only made up our minds to push on when we were already a good mile on the road. This young gentleman found my description of St. Gildas's church irresistibly attractive. He was rather disappointed when I told him I was going to call at the vicarage. But he consoled himself with the hope that Miss Levincourt might not be at home."

"I assure you, Mrs. Sheardown," said Hugh, turning to his hostess with a vehement earnestness that made her smile—"I assure you that I did not even know, until we were within sight of the vicarage house, that Miss Levincourt lived there. If I had been told, I had forgotten."

"Did you see Uncle Charles?" asked Maud of Captain Sheardown.

"No; there was no one at home. The vicar was at Haymoor on parish business, and Miss Levincourt was out walking."

"Then," continued Maud, "you did not see Veronica?"

"Stop a bit! We had left our cards at the vicarage, and had walked to St. Gildas and thoroughly inspected that very squat specimen of Saxon architecture—oh yes, I dare say it isn't Saxon at all, Hugh, but never mind!—Miss Desmond does not know any better!—and we were crossing the church-yard, when whom should we see but Miss Levincourt and Sir—Sir—what *is* the man's name?"

"Sir John Gale," said his wife, gravely.

"Of course! Sir John Gale! Hugh saw them first."

"Miss Levincourt wore a red cloak, and the color caught my eye," Hugh explained.

"Something caught your eye? Yes, and fixed it, moreover! For it was your intense gaze that made me look in the direction of the common. And there I saw Miss Levincourt and Sir Thingumbob strolling along arm in arm."

"The dressing-bell has rung, Tom," said Mrs. Sheardown, rising from her chair.

"All right, Nelly. But I was surprised to see such a young-looking man! I fancied he was quite an old fogy!"

"No," said Maud, "he is not what one would call an old fogy. Did Veronica see you, Captain Sheardown?"

"We walked half across the common to have the honor of accosting Miss Levincourt. Hugh sacrificed his inclination to a sense of politeness. Miss Veronica received us very graciously, wanted us to go back to the vicarage; but Sir John looked uncommonly black. I don't think he half liked being interrupted in his tête-à-tête. And upon my word—"

"*Please* go and dress, Tom," interrupted Mrs. Sheardown. "And you, too, Mr. Lockwood. You will both be late as it is."

While the captain was finishing his toilet his wife came into his dressing-room, and said, "Oh you blundering, tiresome Tom!"

"What have I done now?" asked Captain Sheardown, wheeling round with a huge hair-brush in each hand.

"I didn't want you to talk about that man before Maud."

"What man?"

"That Sir John Gale."

"Why upon earth shouldn't I?"

"Well, it does not so much matter your speaking about him as coupling his name with Veronica's. It makes Maud uneasy. I always knew Veronica to be a flirt; but, upon my word, I think her conduct with this man passes all limits. What is the vicar about? He knows nothing whatever of this man with whom he lets his daughter wander about the country."

"Gently, Nelly! They were not wandering about the country. They were taking an afternoon stroll within sight of her father's house."

"It's all the same!"

"Not quite, my dear."

"Tom, would you like your daughter to do so?"

"My dear Nelly, if you are speaking seriously—"

"Quite seriously."

"Then, seriously, I think you are making a mountain of a mole-hill. The man is not a pleasant-looking fellow, though I suppose he is handsome after a fashion. Neither was he particularly civil in his manner. I dare say he thinks himself a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw. But, after all, neither his looks nor his manners constitute a crime. And if the vicar and his daughter are satisfied, I don't think we have any business to object."

"Why should Sir John Gale linger at Shipley? He is quite well enough to travel. Maud was saying—"

"Oh, it is Maud who has been putting this into your head?"

"No. But she distrusts and dislikes the man. I am not fond of Veronica Levincourt; but I can not help feeling that I ought to hold out a hand of womanly help to her—ought to give her a word of counsel. The girl is motherless, and, in spite of all her self-confidence, we must remember that she is but nineteen. I wish I had invited her here with Maud! But, to say the truth, I was afraid of Hugh Lockwood getting entangled by her. He was greatly taken with her beauty. And her love of admiration would lead her to encourage him without the smallest compunction."

"Well, my dear child," said the captain; "this Sir John Gale will be gone in a few days, and—"

"Is he going?"

"Yes, to be sure! Oh, I forgot to tell you. His man—a little foreign fellow, who opened the door to us at the vicarage—said that his master would be leaving Shipley at the end of the week."

"Oh, how relieved and glad I am! You stupid boy, not to tell me that, the very first thing!"

"So you see, you need not attempt the very disagreeable duty of giving a word of counsel to Miss Levincourt."

"Disagreeable enough! And ten to one I should have done no good by it. Well, Sir John is going, and it is all smooth. Maud will be delighted to get rid of him."

"I can not understand why you two should take such a hatred to the man, though! As for you, Mrs. Nelly, you know simply nothing whatever about him. He may be a model of manly virtue for any thing you can tell."

"I hardly think that a boon companion of Lord George Segrave's is likely to be that! But I am willing to allow him every virtue under the sun, if he will only relieve Shipley vicarage of his presence."

"There's the dinner-bell. Come along, you illogical, prejudiced, unreasonable—dear little woman!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE VICAR IS NOT ALARMED.

RAIN, rain, rain! It poured down on the open roads. It plashed and dripped from gutter and gargoyle. It sank deep into the miry uplands, and covered the marsh-rushes on the wide flats with beaded pearls.

The sun went down amidst clouds that looked like dun smoke reddened by the reflex of a distant conflagration.

Splash, splash, from the slated eaves came the water-drops on to the evergreens outside the sitting-room window at Shipley vicarage. Splash, splash, splash!

The log hissed in the chimney. They always crowned their coal fire with a log of wood at the vicarage of an evening. It was a custom which Stella Levincourt had brought with her from foreign parts. She said she liked the smell of the wood.

Not that the pungent, acrid odor was grateful in her nostrils; not that the blue flame leaped brighter than the deep glow from the steady coal; no, not for these reasons did the economical housewife (who had learned to cherish a sixpence with the lingering grip that had been wont to caress her Tuscan paul) insist on the extravagance of a log of wood upon the evening fire.

It was the memory of her youth that she loved, and to which she offered this burnt-sacrifice. Phantoms of old days revisited her in the pale gray smoke that curled up on her hearth-stone, like the smoke of the Tuscan fires, far away.

And the custom survived her. It was continued on the same ostensible ground as that on which she had commenced it. The vicar "liked the smell of the wood." Veronica "thought the bright flame so much prettier than the nasty coal-gas, that flared, and glared, and scorched one."

The vicar of Shipley-in-the Wold sat alone by his hearth. He was depressed, and a little out of humor. His guest had left him, and the vicar missed his evening chat.

Maud was still at Lowater, and Veronica had gone to pay a long-promised visit to old Mrs. Plew, the surgeon's mother.

"Mrs. Plew has asked me to drink tea with her so often," Veronica had said. "I ought to go. I will walk over there after the afternoon practice in the school-room."

The vicar had made no opposition at the time. But now that he was alone he began to think himself hardly used. Veronica could stay at home, evening after evening, while there was a stranger in the house. But she cared nothing for her father's society. She never considered that he might feel solitary. She had declared herself to be moped to death, and so had gone out to seek a change. Selfish, selfish! How selfish and inconsiderate people were!

Splash, splash, splash, fell the drops from the slates of the roof. On the garden the spring rain was falling, fine and close. Now and again came the west wind, flying fast, and with a swoop of his wings scattered the trembling drops, and dashed them against the window-panes.

Each time that the vicar heard the rain pattering against the glass he looked up from his book and moved uneasily in his chair. Sometimes he stirred the fire. Sometimes he moved his reading-lamp. Once he rose, went to the window, drew back the curtains, and put his face close to the glass. There was not much to be seen. As his eyes got used to the darkness he could distinguish the outline of the old yew-tree, solidly black, against the vague, shadow-like clouds. A wet stormy night! How would Veronica get home? Joe Dowsett had gone to Shipley Magna to buy corn, or the vicar would have made him take a mackintosh and water-proof shoes to his young mistress. He could not send either of the women out in this weather. Then he sighed, and went back to his chair and his book.

In the kitchen old Joanna was knitting a coarse gray stocking, feeling rather than seeing her work; and Catherine, with the solitary candle drawn close to her, was trimming a smart cap.

"How solitary-like the house seems now!" exclaimed the latter, after having plied her needle for some time in silence.

"Quiet," responded Joanna, briefly.

"Oh, quiet enough! But for that matter it warn't never noisy. I like a little life in a place. Somehow, Sir John being here, and Paul, livened us up a bit."

"You've a queer notion of liveliness, Catherine. It was more like deadliness a deal for one while! And very nigh *being* deadliness, too." The old woman nodded her head in grim satisfaction at her joke.

"Well, but there was something going on all the time. Not but what Paul gave us little enough of his company; and as for Sir John, I didn't hardly set eyes on him from week's end to week's end."

"No great loss, neither!"

"Laws, Joanna, why are you so set agin' Sir John? I'm sure he was quite a handsome-looking gentleman for his time of life. And behaved handsome too, when he went away."

"*My* liking ain't to be bought with guineas. Nor yet with five-pound notes."

"Well," observed Catherine, reflectively, "I think guineas helps liking. I hate stingy folks."

"You're young and foolish. It's a pity as wisdom and judgment mostly comes when folks hasn't no more need on 'em."

There was another and a longer silence, during which the wind rose higher, and the rain rattled against the casement.

"We shall have Miss Maud back to-morrow, I suppose," said Catherine. "She's a nice young lady: only a bit high. I don't mean high exactly, neither; but—she has a kind of way of keeping you at a distance somehow. Miss Veronica's more to my taste."

"H'm!" grunted out old Joanna, with closed lips.

"She's a bit overbearing sometimes," pursued Catherine. "But then she has such pleasant ways with her when she is in a good humor."

"Did ye ever remember Miss Veronica taking any trouble about you? I don't mean *telling somebody else to take trouble*, and her getting the credit of being very kind and generous for it! but right-down putting of herself out of the way for you quietly, where there was no show-off in the matter? Because I've know'd her ever since she was born, and *I* can't call such a thing to mind."

Catherine opined, under her breath, that Joanna was "crusty" to-night.

The old woman's ears were quick enough to catch the words, and she answered, emphatically, "No, Catherine; you're mistaken. It ain't crustiness as makes me speak as I spoke then; but I'm nigh upon fifty year longer in the world than you, and I've seen a deal of people, high and low. I'd do more for that young lass than you would; but, all the same, I read her as plain as print. I tell you, it makes me sorry to see her sometimes."

"Sorry! What for?"

"What for? Well, there's no need to say whether it's for this or for that; but I am sorry to see a young creature with no more religion than a heathen—Lord forgive me!—and her head turned with vanity and vainglory, and caring for nothing but show-off and being admired. I tell you, if Miss Veronica was sent to live among black Indians, she'd paint herself blacker than any of 'em, if that was what they considered handsome. Ah, deary me, Catherine child, don't get to think too much of that rosy face of yours. It is pretty now. You needn't plume yourself up. God made it, and he didn't make it to last very long."

"There's the door-bell!" said Catherine, jumping up, not unwilling to escape from Joanna's moralizing.

In a few minutes the hall-door was shut heavily, and almost immediately afterward the vicar rang his bell.

"Was that Miss Veronica?" he asked, as the girl entered the room.

"No, Sir; it was Jemmy Sack, Sir. He brought a message from my young lady to say as she wouldn't be home to-night."

"Not be home to-night!"

"No, Sir. Jemmy Sack saw Miss Veronica at the school-house, and she bade him say, as it threatened rain, she should very likely stay at Mrs. Plew's for the night. And you wasn't to be alarmed, please Sir."

"Alarmed! No, of course I am not alarmed. But— Where is Jemmy? Is he gone?"

"Yes, Sir; he's gone. He wouldn't hardly stay long enough to give his message. He was running down with rain."

"Ha! It is raining still, then, is it?"

"Pouring, Sir. And the wind beats the rain against your face so as I couldn't hardly shut the door."

"Let me know when Joe Dowsett comes back."

"Yes, Sir."

"What o'clock is it?"

"After eight. I looked at the kitchen clock just afore I came up stairs."

When Catherine related to her fellow-servant what had passed, the old woman shook her head.

"Ah," said she, "that's the way. The strange face is gone. There's nobody at home to amuse my lady, so off she goes to make a fool of that soft-hearted little surgeon, that would just lay down and let her walk over him, if she had a mind to."

"But, Joanna, it's a real bad night. I don't wonder as she didn't like the walk home, all along that sloppy lane, or through the churchyard, as is worse a deal, and lonesomer."

"It ain't sloppiness, nor yet church-yards, that could keep Miss Veronica if she wanted to come. And, what's more, if Miss Maud had been at home she wouldn't have staid at old Mrs. Plew's. For Miss Maud she do take her up pretty short about her goings on with that soft little man. If there's any body on God's earth as Veronica minds or looks up to, it's Miss Desmond. And I've wished more than once lately that Miss Maud hadn't been away this fortnight."

"Why?" asked Catherine, gazing with open-mouthed curiosity at Joanna.

"Well, it's no matter. I may ha' been wrong, or I may ha' been right; but all's well that ends well, as the saying goes."

And with this oracular response Catherine was fain to content herself.

THE SUMMER POOL.

There is a singing in the summer air,
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
And perch'd upon the honey-suckle hedge
Pipes the green linnet. O the golden world!
The stir of life on every blade of grass,
The motion and the joy on every bough,
The glad feast every where, for things that love
The sunshine, and for things that love the shade!

Aimlessly wandering with weary feet,
Watching the woolly clouds that wander by,
I come upon a lovely place of shade,
A still green pool, where with soft sound and stir
The shadows of o'erhanging branches sleep,
Save where they leave one dreamy space of blue,
O'er whose soft stillness ever and anon
The feathery cirrus blows. Here unaware
I pause, and leaning on my staff I add
A shadow to the shadows; and behold!
Dim dreams steal down upon me, with a hum
Of little wings, a murmuring of boughs,
The dusky stir and motion dwelling here
Within this small green world. O'ershadowed
By dusky greenery, though all around
The sunshine throbs on fields of wheat and bean,
Downward I gaze into the dreamy blue,
And pass into a waking sleep, wherein
The green boughs rustle, feathery wreaths of cloud
Pass softly piloted by golden airs,
The air is still, no bird sings any more,
And, helpless as a tiny flying thing,
I am alone in all the world with God.

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—in the pool
The fly scarce moves;—earth seems to hold her breath
Until her heart stops, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming Rain!

While thus I pause, it seems that I have gained
New eyes to see; my brain grows sensitive
To trivial things that, at another hour,
Had passed unheeded. Suddenly the air
Shivers, the shadows in whose midst I stand
Tremble and blacken;—the blue eye o' the pool
Is closed and clouded; with a shrill, sharp cry,
Oiling its wings, a swallow darteth past,
And weedling flowers beneath my feet thrust up
Their leaves to feel the coming shower. O hark!
The thirsty leaves are troubled into sighs,
And up above me, on the glistening boughs,
Patters the summer rain!
                                        Into a nook,
Screen'd by thick foliage of oak and beech,
I creep for shelter; and the summer shower
Murmurs around me. In a dream I watch
And listen. O the sweetness of the sounds,
The pattering rain, the murmurous sigh of leaves,
The deep warm breathing of the scented air,
They sink into my soul—until at last
Comes the soft ceasing of the gentle fall,
And lo! the eye of blue within the pool
Opens again, while in a silvern gleam,
The jewels twinkle moistly on the leaves,
Or, shaken downward by the summer wind,
Fall melting on the pool in rings of light!

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

We publish on page 648 an engraving of the new State Capitol building at Albany. Our illustration is from a photograph of the last drawing of the architect, and shows the general character of the edifice. It has been designed in the *Renaissance* style, similar to that of the Louvre in Paris, and many of the finest modern public buildings in Europe.

The location is a very commanding one, the grounds being about 170 feet above the level of the Hudson. The main walls of the building will rise to an elevation of 110 feet above the level of the adjacent streets, and the corner and ventilating towers from 50 to 90 feet still higher, while the main tower will reach a height of 300 feet above the street. From its cupola the valley of the Hudson, for more than thirty miles north and south, and of the Mohawk for nearly the same distance west, will be seen, as well as the intervening slopes and plains, for a circuit of more than twenty miles radius.

The open public grounds around the Capitol will have an area of ten acres, and when the building is completed the old Capitol, Library, Governor's mansion, and Congress Hall will all be removed, leaving a park on the east front of 450 feet long and 320 feet wide, the ornamentation of which will be made to conform to that of the structure.

That noble avenue, State Street, will continue this open space for nearly half a mile eastward to the river; on the north will be Washington Avenue, 100 feet wide; on the south the continuation of State Street; and on the west Swan Street. All of the streets which formerly crossed this large area are now closed by law. The grand north and south entrances will be exactly in the line of Hawk Street, the grade of which falls off rapidly, both to the north and south. Thus, standing upon almost the highest ground in the city, with the land falling off in all directions, except to the west, surrounded by these wide, open parks and broad avenues, with its high walls and still higher pavilions, turrets, and towers, this building will appear to great advantage.

The exterior walls are 280 feet long north and south, and 380 feet east and west. There are four entrances; three of which will be to the first-floor, and the west one to the second-floor, upon which will be the legislative halls and Library. Three of these porticos will be arranged with carriage entrances.

The main entrance will be at the east front, and will be approached by a very broad flight of steps in front up to the level of a broad terrace, which will extend across the whole east front. From this terrace will extend another broad flight of steps to the level of the first-floor, and will open to a large vestibule, from which will extend broad corridors to all parts of the building. On the left of this entrance will be placed the suite of rooms designed for the use of the Governor, of his secretaries, and of the Military Department; and on the right will be rooms for two or more of the State officers, with whom the Governor has the most immediate official relations.

On the second, or principal floor, will be placed the Senate and Assembly chambers, and the State Library, all of which (in elevation) will occupy two stories, making 45 feet of height. Rooms for the Committees, and other purposes, will also be placed upon this floor.

The Senate Chamber will be 75 by 55 feet on the floor, with a gallery on three sides, of 20 feet more width. The Assembly Chamber will be 92 by 75 feet on the floor, surrounded by a similar gallery, which in both chambers largely increases the areas of the upper portion. The Library will occupy the whole of the east front of these two stories, and will be 283 feet long and 54 feet wide. This will be the most attractive room in the building, and perhaps in the world. Its large area and lofty proportions, its views toward the north, east, and south, overlooking the city, and bringing in the valley of the Hudson and its western slopes for miles in each direction, will make it a favorite place of resort at all seasons of the year, even by those who have no taste for the mental pleasures afforded by its 500,000 volumes.

The great tower is 66 feet square, and the upper portion will be a quadrangular dome of nearly 100 feet high, surmounted by an observatory, access to which will be had by a spiral staircase.

In the middle of the building will be an open court of 130 by 90 feet, to give light and air to the inside rooms. This court will be a grand and attractive feature, being treated in the same elaborate manner as the exterior fronts, and will no doubt ultimately have its fountains and be surrounded with statuary.

The plans of the foundations have been prepared with great care. The entire structure will weigh 150,000 tons; but the great inequalities in the heights of the various walls, and the distribution of the enormously heavy fire-proof floors, and roofs sometimes laden with deep snows, bring very unequal weights upon the parts of the foundation adjacent to each other, and without this great care they would settle unequally and crack the walls, as is so frequently seen in modern private, and even in many of our public buildings.

The stone foundation of the walls commences on concrete, and is made of large blocks of close-cut limestone of from two to six tons weight, laid in regular courses, the first one of nearly the width of the concrete, and each successive one narrowed by offsets, until the wall is contracted to the width necessary to support the structure, arranged so that they will afford an equal bearing on each side of the line of the centre of gravity of the walls and the weights which they are to sustain.

The work has been carried on with very rapid progress. Several hundred masons, stone-cutters, and laborers have been employed at the building, and several thousand men at the various quarries and in transportation.

All of the stone and the other materials which have come in by railway or water have been unloaded by steam-derricks, and hauled up the hill on the railway, on cars specially built for the purpose. The Commissioners expect to complete the foundations and a considerable portion of the basement walls during or before winter.

The building is estimated to cost four millions of dollars, exclusive of the cost of the land and any additional decoration or ornamentation which may be hereafter ordered by the Legislature. It will require four more seasons to fully complete it.

The names of the Commissioners are as follows: Messrs. Hamilton Harris, John V. L. Pruyn, O. B. Latham, James S. Thayer, Alonzo B. Cornell, William A. Rice, James Terwilliger, and John T. Hudson.

Mr. Thomas Fuller is the Architect, Mr. William J. M'Alpine is the Engineer, and Mr. John Bridgeford the Superintendent.

A VERY OLD CHURCH.

The Old Church represented in our picture on page 645 was built at North Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1707. In 1800 it was removed to the village of Wickford, where it now stands. It is the oldest Episcopal church now existing in New England. The building is guarded with the most jealous care, as a precious relic of the past. It has been closed for many years. A few summers since, however, one afternoon the long-closed doors were thrown open for worship; many old people of the town once more entered the pews they had not sat in since they were children. Ancient Prayer-books were brought out, and the beautiful service of the Church performed. Then the doors were closed, the broken windows boarded up, and the dust was once more left to settle on the pews, and the mould to gather on the walls. Not many years can elapse before this venerable memorial of the past will go the way its first congregation went more than a hundred years ago.

AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.

This carefully-executed and agreeable picture, on page 645, has an air of rural quiet and repose congenial to the nature of the subject. The artist, we feel, must often have lingered at the evening hour, when the milkmaid settles to her labor, near some such comfortable homestead. The cow, which forms the principal object in the composition, has a tether round her horns, which the young woman holds; and we presume that this cow is the mother of the white calf which straggles from her side to look at the dog, and that her maternal instincts have rendered her less amenable to discipline than the others. The secondary groups of cattle carry the eye well into the composition; and the glimpse of the farm and the stretch of rolling country beyond complete a picture which is thoroughly English in its character.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Artist (*as a hint to his friend*). "Bless me! five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now!"

Yankee. "Which I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country."

A little Buffalo girl wants to know if fleas are white—because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow."

Wild Oats.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with vials and patent medicines. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in the cultivation.

NEW NOVELS.

"Near and Narrow," by the author of "Far and Wide."

"Strings of Barley Sugar," a sequel to the thrilling tale of "Ropes of Sand."

"Downey as a Decoy Duck," a fascinating sequel to "Simple as a Dove."

"The Gent She Jilted," a romance of real life, written by the author of "The Girl He Married."

"Boiled Blackbeetles," a sensation story, by the author of "Burned Butterflies."

"Fatal Fever-heat," a tale of most unreal life, by the author of "Fatal Zero."

"Handley in Good-Humor," a sequel to the story of "Handley Cross."

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven, my son?" "No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpapa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well, just as soon as he sees us he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?'"

Slender Party (*who is not very comfortable*). "These street cars ought to charge by weight."

Stout Party (*sharply*). "Ah, if they did they would never stop to pick you up."

Extraordinary Phenomenon in Nature—A feat of arms.

We have it on the best authority that the ancient patriarchs wore their hair and beards so long that they starved the barbers!

A lady, having discharged her cook, said, "Thank Heaven, there are no cooks in the other world!" Her little girl said, "Well, mamma, who cooks wash-day? for you know they must have a big wash, as their garments are always white."

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand dollars." The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed: "The lawyers got that!" The judge and the audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

Why did the Americans lose the boat race?—Because they did not pull "*half hard*" (Harvard) enough.

Where is there no *end* of cats?—In the Isle of Man, where the cats have no *tails*.

A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop larger handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.

Receiving Tellers—Rewarded informers.

The gas is so bad in Erie, Pennsylvania, that the boy who puts it out uses a lantern to find the posts.

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

An Ohio journal pointedly remarks that "every cord of wood given to the poor will be so much fuel saved from use in the next world."

Upon Caleb Cushing a spinster poetess of Newburyport once wrote an epigrammatic epitaph, as follows:

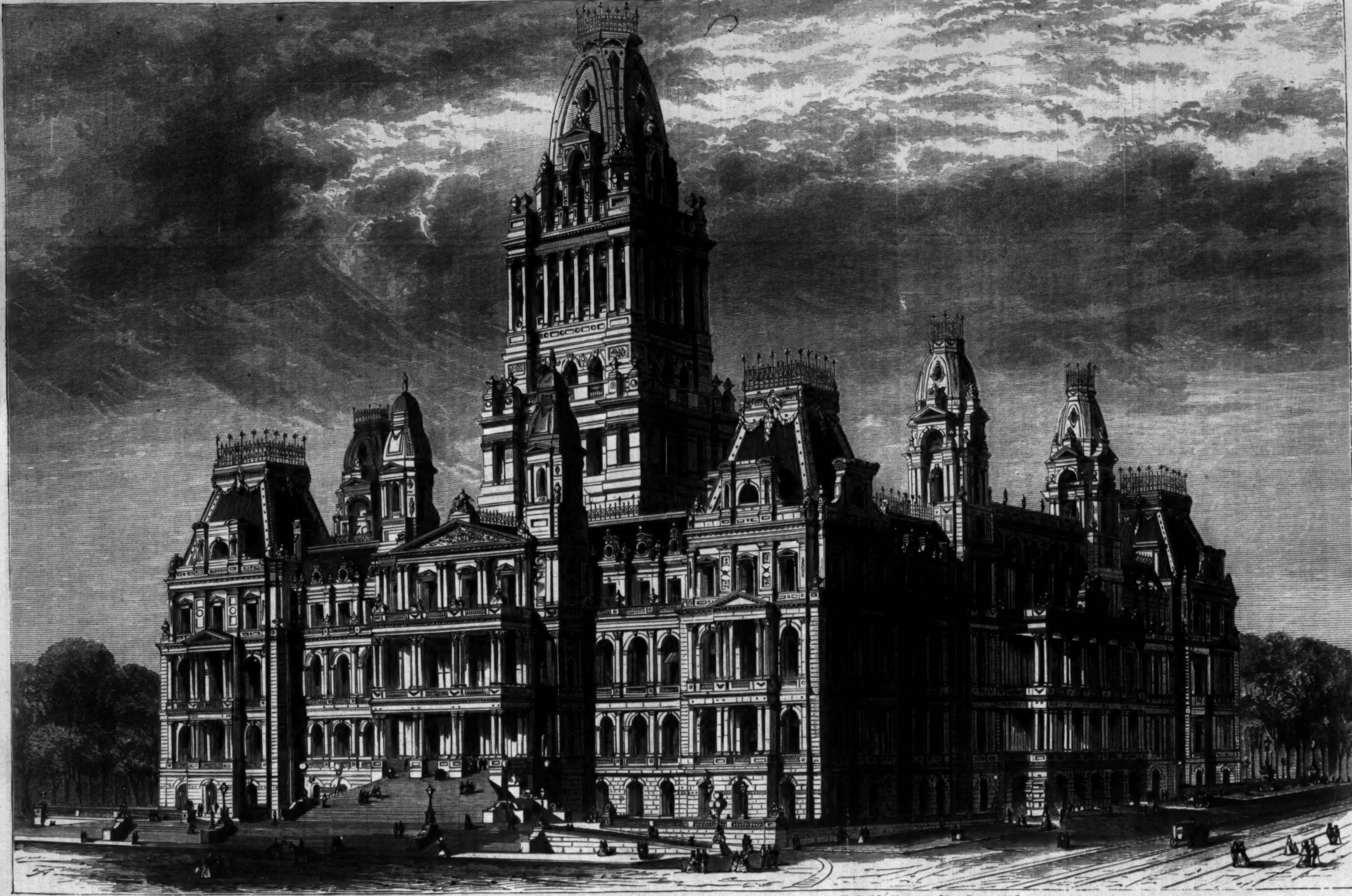
"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Repose the body of Cushing!
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And even though dead will be pushing."

Mr. Cushing wrote the following rejoinder:

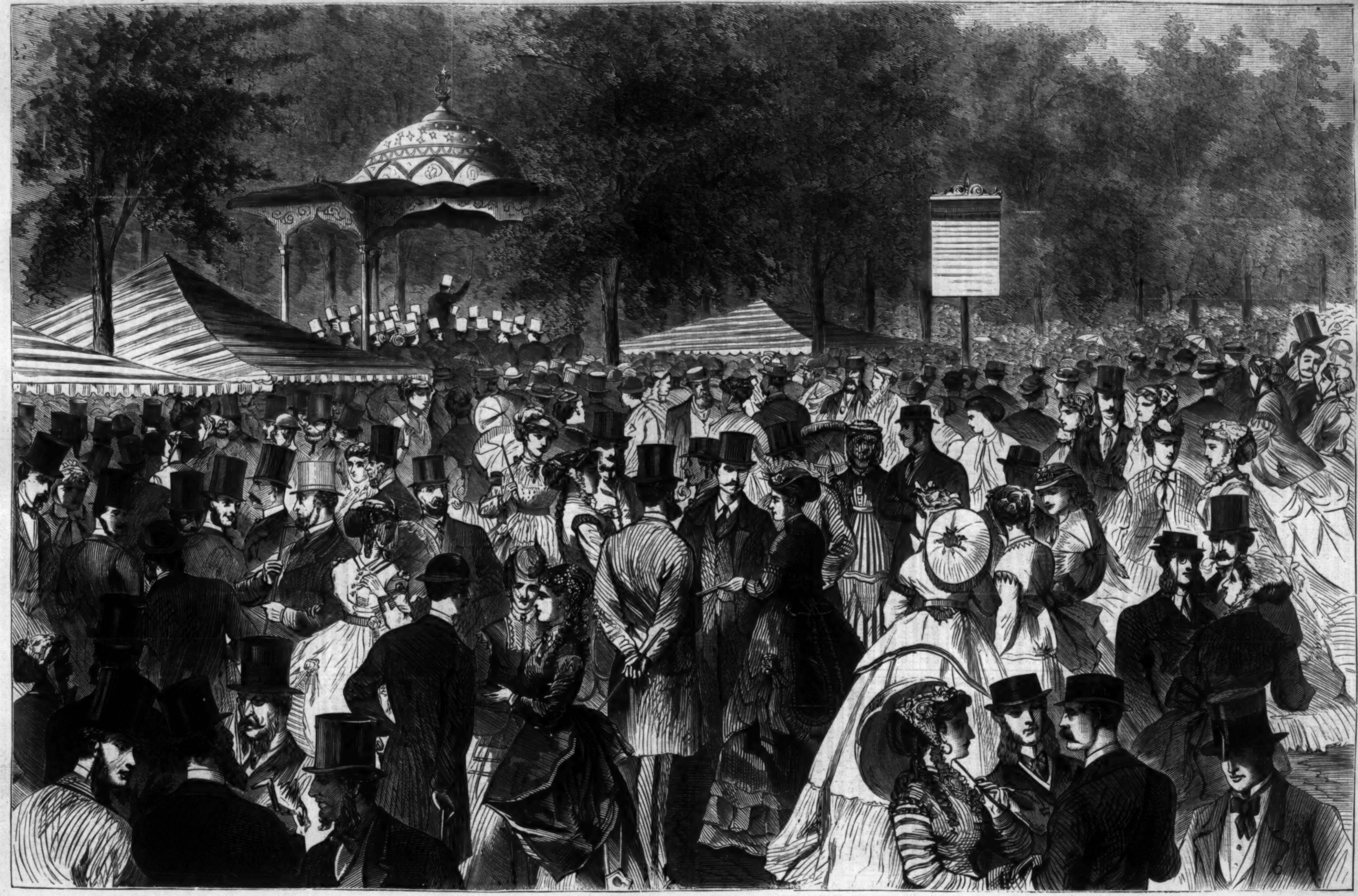
"Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit,
And green grows the grass that's above her;
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover."

An editor says, "Our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with most of the world.

"Father," asked a little three-year-old the other day, at dinner, of his papa, "what is it that makes the lightning?" "You can't understand it now," was the answer; "I'll tell you when you get a little older," and the father went to his avocation. In the evening he returned, and the young hopeful, climbing upon his knee, said to him, "Papa, I know now what makes the lightning. It is God scratching matches against the sky!"



THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—Thomas Fuller, Architect.—Photographed by E. S. M. Haines.—[See Page 647.]



SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK—MUSIC ON THE MALL.

NOT A DREAM.

"WHAT I have got to tell you are plain facts. You can try and account for them by physical rules if you please, or you can take them as belonging to the category of things that are not to be explained. That is what I have done for many years. I have never told the story before, because there were those for whom it was a painful subject. They are all dead and gone now, so it doesn't matter."

So spoke the old General, whom we had been teasing for a story one winter's night. Hitherto his talk had been of tigers, pig-stickings, Mahratta battles, and other Indian subjects, on which he dilated with the zest of a boy, white-headed veteran as he was. But there was something in his tone now which seemed to prepare us for a very different topic, and we were not mistaken.

I was about eight-and-twenty (he continued), and had just got my company, when it suddenly occurred to me, without rhyme or reason, that I must get leave and go home. I was in good health, and I had a promise of a valuable civil appointment. I had no one in England whom I cared particularly to see again, for I had been left an orphan very early in life, and my uncle, who was my guardian— Well, let by-gones be by-gones. I have seen other youngsters with the same fit upon them. You might as well tell a quail that he need not migrate as to try and persuade them not to ask for leave; and they are not worth their salt till they get it, as I have told the Directors over and over again. Well, the fit was on me, and home I went. The voyage in those days was no hop, skip, and jump over Egypt and France, but a weary business of three months—if you had good weather—in sailing-ships round the Cape. I had plenty of time to think of the wonderfully pleasant things I would do when I landed; and when at last I found myself in London I was a little disappointed. A hiatus of eleven years plays the very deuce with one's friends and acquaintance. Some people seemed to think that I must want something when I called upon them, and others were so forgetful that I had half made up my mind to make no further attempt at renewing acquaintances, when one day, while taking my solitary dinner at a restaurant affected by "Indians" (we had no club of our own then), the waiter came up with a card, and, "Beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "gentleman in No. 4, Sir, hopes no offense, Sir, but may your name be Davenport, Sir?" I looked at the card; "Mr. James Stuart Cazenove" was elegantly engraved thereon. "My name," I said, "is Davenport, but—it's so confoundedly awkward, you see, for a fellow to claim acquaintance, and you not to know who the deuce he is." I gave the waiter back the card, and the next moment its owner had taken a seat opposite me. "I should have remembered you any where," he said, "but you don't remember me. I took the name of Cazenove for a fortune I was lucky enough to get two years ago. I'm little Jim Stuart. Lord! don't you remember 'Cocky' Stuart at Damberley's?" Then I knew him in a moment. Cocky Stuart! the little rascal I had licked at school, whose verses I had done, and who had been my faithful accomplice in many a poaching adventure at poor old Damberley's.

Oh yes! you girls may smile. You are all very well, kissing and "dearesting" each other at two days' acquaintance, but you don't know what men feel at meeting an old school-fellow, especially when one of them has been broiling eleven years in India.

"Cocky" Stuart was one of your lucky ones. He inherited a fine business from his father, which seemed to take care of itself. He was made a rich man's heir, and he married well in every sense of the word. He was in London to complete some business matters connected with an estate he had recently bought, and I was one of the first batch of guests who assisted at his house-warming.

"Well, old man," he said, when he had shown me over most part of the house—a huge old Tudor Gothic place which he had restored, to my thinking in great good taste—"what do you think of it?"

I told him I liked it immensely—that he had just hit the happy mean between comfort and quaintness.

"That's just what Bessie says—it's all her doing. Bless you, I take no credit. It's all her handiwork. I wanted to pull the place down, and build a modern house, but she would not hear of it."

"And quite right too," I told him. "Why, there's many a duke would envy you those old carved oak wainscotings, those deliciously ugly corbels and stained-glass windows. There must be a legend for every stone, and I'll be bound there's a haunted room."

"Oh! that's nonsense," he replied, rather sharply.

"My dear fellow," I persisted, "a house like this would be nothing without a haunted room. If you haven't got a ghost, pray invent one. I'd just as soon be without a butler if I were you. It's quite *de rigueur* in such a dear, quaint old place, I assure you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Davenport."

I remembered afterward how his voice and manner changed; but I did not notice it at the time. I was in a chaffing mood, and went on:

"Nonsense! Do you call ghosts nonsense?"

"Yes, I do."

"It's very wicked to call ghosts nonsense."

"Davenport, I'd trouble you to drop the subject; I don't like it."

Of course I could say no more after this, and, it being nearly time to dress for dinner, I was shown to my room.

I was somewhat surprised when I entered it. All the other rooms I had seen were, as I have hinted, quaint, old-fashioned, with low ceilings, polished oak floors and wainscotings, some hung with tapestry, and all furnished in keeping with those surroundings. *My* room was a lofty apartment with a French paper on the walls, a Brussels carpet, a polished steel fire-grate, and a bed and other accessories of the latest fashion. Perhaps it was that the contrast with the other portion of the house made it appear at first harsh, vulgar, and garish. The colors on the walls and floor appeared unnecessarily gay, and two large pier-glasses with gilt frames, and a mantle-piece covered with crimson velvet, on which a handsome clock ticked loudly, flanked by two elaborate ormolu candelabra, gave it an unusual air for an English bedroom. "*This* isn't Bessie's taste, I'll be bound," I mused, as I tied my white choker at one of the glasses. "It's a room they have added to the old house, and Master Jim has had his wicked will with it. The rascal! If he had taken a Clapham villa he could not have done worse."

Bessie was a very gem of a hostess, and before dinner was over her guests, some ten in number, were on perfect good terms; and already the keels of certain small flirtations had been laid.

When the ladies had retired, and we were adjourning to the smoking-room—a rare luxury in those days—"Cocky" took me aside and whispered, "Don't you mind what I said to-day, old man. I didn't mean to be cross, you know; but don't talk about it, like a good fellow. Servants get hold of such things, and play the very deuce."

"Get hold of what things?"

"Oh! you know—about haunted rooms and that. It's all nonsense."

I was half vexed with him for thinking I would pursue a subject which seemed to annoy him, and, lighting a cheroot, turned to a young person who had amused me greatly by lectures on India, based on information he had gained from tracts written by people as wise as himself.

At last it was bedtime, and my host accompanied me to my room, where he fidgeted about a good deal, and seemed reluctant to leave me. He set the clock right, lit a good many more lights than I could possibly want, and walked about touching small articles of furniture, putting them a little more to the right or left, backward or forward, in a nervous way.

"Is there any thing you want?" he asked at last.

"No," I said; "nothing, thank you."

"If you do want any thing, my room is the third door in the corridor to the left."

"My dear fellow, I'm an old campaigner. I shall sleep like a top in that luxurious bed," I replied.

"Well, good-night. Remember the third door to the left if you want any thing. Don't forget."

As I lighted him out I noticed that there was a short passage between the door of my room and the corridor, and this confirmed my idea that the room had been added to the old house.

Directly opposite to where I had sat at dinner was hung the portrait of a very beautiful woman, dressed as a shepherdess, with a crook in her lap and a flock of sheep in the distance. I dreamed that this picture came into my room, which suddenly became like any other room in the house, only larger. I awoke, and found the lights in the candelabra (which I had forgotten to put out) burning brightly, and every thing just as it had been when my host took his departure. I fell asleep again, and was only roused by Cazenove knocking at the door, and saying that the breakfast-bell would ring in twenty minutes.

"Did you sleep well, old man?" he asked.

"Like a child," I replied, jumping out of bed.

"By Jove, I'm so glad!" he cried, with what struck me at the time as unnecessary warmth; and away he went.

When the servant came in with my shaving-water and drew the heavy curtains which hid the window, I got a little start. *It was the window of the room I had seen in my dream!* A large, deep bay-window, almost a chamber in itself, with stone copings and divisions and lancet-shaped lights, the small diamond panes in which were set in lead—a window ridiculously out of keeping with the room and its furniture. I had dressed for dinner the day before by candle-light, and seeing the incongruous window now so suddenly brought back my almost-forgotten dream with, as it were, a mental crash which staggered me for a moment.

Angry with myself for giving way to such fancies, of course I laid the blame on some one else, and inwardly abused my host for his anachronism. "With such a window as that standing, why the deuce couldn't he have rebuilt the room in harmony with it?" I growled.

When breakfast was over I could not help sauntering into the dining-room to have another look at the picture which had troubled my repose. The original must have been very beautiful, and as a work of art the portrait was almost perfect, except for the position of the right hand—a small white hand—but, as I thought, too prominently displayed. There was something even threatening in the attitude.

As I gazed Cazenove came in, gun in hand (it was the 1st of September), and rated me for not being ready.

I told him that I was not only ready, but had been waiting for him. "Only, before we start," I said, "tell me who is that?" pointing to the picture.

"Oh, that? That's a portrait," he replied, becoming suddenly grave.

"So I suppose; but of whom?"

"Oh! of some one belonging to people who used to live here long ago."

"Connected with the Surface family, I should think, from their selling their ancestors?" I said. "But, I beg pardon, perhaps she was some relation of your own?"

"God forbid!"

"Well, I'm sure you have no reason to be ashamed of her personal appearance. Show me as beautiful a girl living now, and I'll show you a man who would make a fool of himself for her," I said.

"I've begged and prayed Bessie a score of times," he muttered, angrily, not appearing to heed me, "to let me have the infernal thing hacked out of its panel, or painted over, or something—it's a fixture, confound it!—and she won't. I'll do it, though, in spite of her. For God's sake, Davenport, don't stand there staring like an idiot! Come and shoot, if you're coming."

This was the second time he had broken out at me rudely, for no apparent cause, and I began to think that my fortunate friend had had a bad temper left him among his other legacies.

At dinner he did me a grievous wrong. Contrary to all law and custom, in defiance of the British Constitution itself, he ordered me away from an exceedingly nice little girl, whom I had taken down, and sent me to the other side of the table, on the pitiful plea that there were two ladies together there. I remembered afterward that this change brought me with my back to the picture.

The manor had been badly preserved by Cazenove's predecessor, who never lived on it, and we had a good deal of walking for our twenty brace. I was glad indeed when our fair hostess told us we were very stupid, as gentlemen always were in the shooting season, and that the best thing we could do would be to go to bed. If ever a man had an excuse for sleeping like an animal, I had one that night; but I could not sleep. I could not help thinking of the beautiful shepherdess with the small lily hand, and wondering why my host had spoken so irritably in answer to my questions about her. What did he mean by saying "God forbid!" with so much vehemence when I asked if she were a relation? Why should he want to destroy so admirable a painting?

Small things affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire was burning brightly in its polished grate, and lighted the room so that almost every object was visible. Of all the rooms in the world, it was the last to have any such legend as I had suggested the day before connected with it. A thing of yesterday, with the smell of French polish and new carpets not yet blown away, what association could it possibly have with a lady who probably died before Queen Anne? What story, beyond what was told in an upholsterer's bill, could belong to it? When midnight struck, and a cold shiver passed over me, I said to myself, "Davenport, my boy, you got your feet wet in the turnips. Dwellers in the tropics can not afford to play tricks with their health. That jungle-fever you caught three years ago is not quite out of your bones. A dose of quinine for you to-morrow morning, Master Davenport." Then I shut my eyes, and manfully resolved to sleep. Small things, I say, affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire worried me; but what was I to do? Empty the water-jug on it?—that would rust the reflecting-bars, and bring on my head the maledictions of an injured house-maid. Take off the coals?—where was I to put them? Besides, there were no tongs, and only a sort of gigantic skewer for a poker. I am afraid I said bad words of that fire and its new-fangled irons as I turned my back on it and tried again to sleep.

At last I fell into a conscious doze, during which the light faded away; and then there came over me that pleasant sensation which says, "You have only to turn over on your other side, and you will go fast asleep." I turned over, and saw that the old enemy of my rest was out. The room was in total darkness, save where the moonbeams fell in through the window. This struck me as odd, and roused me; for I distinctly remembered that the heavy cloth curtains were drawn close when I went to bed. "Bother the moon!" I exclaimed, and was in the act of jumping out of bed to shut it out, when another light shone suddenly from the opposite side of me, and by this I—as fully awake and in my senses as I am at this moment—saw that the size, shape, furniture, every thing about the room had changed, and that it had become the room of my dream the night before!—a sombre oak-paneled room, with a high vaulted roof, in which some tattered banners waved to and fro in the night-air mournfully. Even the bed, on which I sat in horror, was not what it had been, but a huge structure with gilded posts and dark heavy drapery, embroidered with quaint devices, as the state-beds of kings and queens in olden times were wont to be. Remindful of my dream, I instinctively turned toward where I fancied I had seen the picture the night before, and there sure enough I saw—not the picture, but THE ORIGINAL, standing with a lamp in one hand, and the other in the attitude of the portrait, but with this horrid difference—that the palm was pierced through and through as though by a stab, and blood trickled from it to the ground. There she stood in her fanciful dress, and a look, not of pain or of anger, but of deep unutterable despair, branding the face I had thought so innocent and beautiful, for, I suppose, some minutes, though they seemed hours to me. Then she walked slowly round the room, *close to the wall*, and vanished the instant that she returned to the spot where I had first seen her, leaving me again in darkness.

Now, I dare say there are some of you who will say that all this can be explained; and so perhaps it can, *so far*. You may argue somewhat in this wise:—"The old-fashioned part of the house had made an impression on my mind which was strengthened by the contrast presented by my bedchamber. The portrait in the dining-room had also made an impression. I had dreamed of the latter, and, naturally enough, gave it a fitting back-ground." So much for what you will, no doubt, call my *first* dream. You will go on to urge that, "overtired with a long day's shooting, and with a touch of intermittent fever on me, that first dream made an impression which developed itself into the *second*." I say again, so far such an explanation might pass. But when, impelled by terror—of which I was afterward heartily ashamed—I knocked up Cazenove, his first words were:

"My God, Davenport! *Have you seen her?*"

Then I knew in a moment why he had answered so irritably my nonsense about haunted chambers, and the inquiries I had made about the portrait.

"I have seen some one," I replied, "and it may be a trick. Bring your lamp and come at once."

"Not for the world!" he cried, drawing back. "She never appears a second time to the same person; but I have not seen her yet. You may take the light and satisfy yourself without the slightest danger. It is all over."

I went back, and found every thing exactly as it had been—the thick curtains closely drawn over the window, and the fire still burning. Then I rejoined my host in the corridor.

"Don't blame me for what has passed," he said, in a low voice, "until you hear my excuses. I *have* a haunted chamber—worse luck! Look here."

As he spoke he lifted the tapestry, and disclosed a small low door, which I saw from its position should lead into the room I had just left. "Go in," he continued, opening it by pressing a spring, "and look about you. No, there is nothing to fear; I tell you again, she never appears twice to the same person. Go in, and judge for yourself if there be any trick."

I went in, and found myself in what appeared, at first sight, to be a passage between the corridor and my bedroom; but on examining the outer wall I recognized it, with a cold shudder, as the wall of the room round which the lady with the bleeding hand had passed. I looked up, and there was the dark vaulted room, there were the tattered banners. *The new room had been built inside the old one.*

The Dream theory will not do now. A dream is a confused set of ideas arising out of something which the sleeper has seen or known of when awake. I had never seen that room; it was hid from me (all but the window) by solid walls of brick. I had every reason to suppose that I was in a new part of the house. How, in a mere dream, could I *invent* such a thing as a chamber within a chamber? Again, with regard to the picture, I was half in love with the winning grace, the essentially feminine beauty, of the fair shepherdess. In a mere dream I should have made her the central figure of gay scenes, court revels, masks, balls, and the like, which, waking, I fancied she must have graced. How could I *invent* such an improbable thing as that her pretty hand should be stabbed through and through?—that she should be wandering about alone at night with that awful look of despair fixed on her face?

It was no dream.

"Of course, there's no more sleep for either of us to-night," said Cazenove, as I rejoined him. "Come into my dressing-room, and I will tell you all I know about this miserable business."

I was angry with him for what I considered his unfair treatment, and had determined to tell him so; but there was something so dejected in his voice and manner that I checked myself with the words hot on my lips, and followed him in silence to his room.

His narrative was a long and not intelligible one, for he rambled into many details which had nothing to do with the story, and wasted a good deal of time talking about his bad luck, and giving instances of it; so I had better give it to you in the shape into which I reduced it afterward, with the help of some further information.

Among the cavaliers who cheered the exile of King Charles the Second was a certain Sir Hubert Dyke, a gentleman who had done things in his time on the Spanish Main which we should call by ugly names, but who was a stout soldier, a faithful subject, and—what was more to the purpose in those times—a rich one, thanks to his exploits among the galleons of the Don.

When he must have been nearly sixty he married a young Frenchwoman, of whom when I say that she was very lovely I have told you the best that can be said of her.

The King got "his own again"—that is to say, he was brought back to waste other folks' property; and Sir Hubert and Lady Dyke got their own again, considerably improved by having passed through the hands of a crop-eared knave, who, if half that is said of his conduct as a landlord be true, was worth a whole regiment of lawless dare-devils like Sir Hubert.

High festival was held in honor of the Restoration at the manor, and its beautiful lady was the life and soul of the revels, not the least splendid of which was a mask composed by Dryden, in which she appeared as a shepherdess. Among the company was a then unknown artist named Lely, who asked and obtained the honor of painting her portrait on a panel in the dining-room. The fame of that mask went abroad, and the King himself commanded its repetition.

But for one thing Sir Hubert would have been a happy man. Among my lady's train, and the actors with her in that mask, was a young countryman of hers, who, it turned out, had wooed her before she had charmed the eye of the ex-buccaneer, and whom she loved in spite of her marriage-vows. Dark hints reached Sir Hubert's ears, and I dare say he would have stood on scant ceremony with the disturber of his peace, but that there was the royal visit and the royal command; and, as the mask could not be performed without Monsieur Le Goffe, his hateful presence had to be endured. Only one-half of the truth appears to have been known to Sir Hubert, for he is reported to have been most affectionate and courteous toward his beautiful wife up to the last.

The mask went off more brilliantly than before, and all that is known with any certainty of what followed is, that shortly after midnight a wild piercing shriek was heard, and my lady rushed to the King's chamber, calling for help and justice, and showing her hand pierced through and through by a stab. The next day the establishment was broken up. My lady is said to have returned to France, and to have entered a convent. Sir Hubert obtained a military command in Scotland, but Monsieur Le Goffe *was never heard of again.* The legend goes that the lovers were surprised; that the lady threw her arms round Le Goffe to protect him from her injured husband's fury, but that he stabbed him to the heart *through her hand.*

The scandal was hushed up, as such things could be in those days when great people were concerned; but no one could live in the state-chamber, and eventually the fine old house was sold for about a fifth of its value.

"Like a fool as I was," said Cazenove, "I made no inquiries. I saw the place and liked it; so did Bessie. I offered a sum for it which I thought ridiculously small, and to my surprise it was accepted. Not a servant belonging to the vicinity would come to live with us, and so at last the truth leaked out—the place was haunted! Bessie said it was all nonsense; that the state-chamber was far too large and sombre for a bedroom; that its dark walls, and the shadows and noises in the vaulted roof, *created* fancies: and as we could not pull it down without disfiguring the house, we built a modern room inside, which you were the first to occupy. But you see it is no use; there is a curse upon the place!"

"Has *it* appeared in any other part of the house?" I asked.

"No, never."

"She has appeared to many persons?"

"To every one who has slept in that room—once."

"And—tell me truly, Cazenove, what has followed?"

"Oh, it's no use talking about it any more," he replied, with a renewal of his old petulance.

"Cazenove, I insist on knowing. There is something you wish to conceal—out with it, man! The thing is done, and can not be helped. What has followed?"

"They say that those to whom she appears never marry."

* * * * * * *

"And were you ever married, General?" asked a pretty girl who sat next him.

"Never, my dear," replied the old soldier; "but whether that was my fault, or the ghost's, I can not say."

"You think it really was a ghost?"

"What am I to think?"

That is a question which has yet to be answered.

ON AN ICEBERG.

I WAS once summoned home from my travels on the Continent by very important news. There was no time to lose in getting back, so I went as fast as I could to Havre, and took the first ship that sailed for New York. It was in the month of June, which I considered the most pleasant time in the year to cross the Atlantic; and though I found after leaving that my ship was an old and rather leaky concern, yet I did not feel any very great anxiety.

We went on for several days; and as we were favored with a fine breeze, perfectly fair, we made very rapid progress, and soon came within the region of the Banks of Newfoundland.

But here a stop was put upon our progress. On the second day after we arrived on this spot the wind died away altogether.

For an entire day we lay becalmed, with the ship tossing lazily over the huge ocean surges. All hands grew impatient. Our captain, who had been in high glee at our quick progress, and had expected by this time to be sailing in New York Harbor, now lost his patience, and spent the greater part of his time in cursing alternately the wind, the waves, the sky, the sun, the ship, and his own eyes.

This did not help the matter at all, however. In fact, worse things than a mere calm were in store for us. During the night a fog came on, and when we arose in the morning it had closed in all around us with a density that I had never imagined before and have never since seen equaled.

Here was a pretty situation. A dead calm, a smooth sea, and not a breath of wind. I blamed myself a thousand times for not going on to Liverpool and taking an ocean steamer.

However, there was no resource but patience. Patient we had to be whether we liked it or not.

In the middle of the following day, however, we felt a slight breath of air. It was the first breath of the glorious wind which now again was blowing favorably as before. Through the day it increased, blowing stronger every hour, until, when I went to bed, I retired with the pleasing thought that every hour carried me ten miles nearer to my home.

I slept soundly.

But suddenly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as far as I can recollect, I was awaked by a sudden crash which sounded like thunder in my half-aroused senses, and seemed to shake the ship to pieces.

In a moment I was out of my berth and up on the deck.

Great Heaven! what a spectacle there met my gaze!

All around was the blackness of darkness. The wind was howling fiercely through the rigging. The sailors were running wildly to and fro. The captain was standing like a man paralyzed, and shouting, while he wrung his hands, "We're lost! we're lost!"

I spoke not a word to any one, but quickly and nimbly, as a cat, I leaped down from the quarter-deck on to the poop deck and rushed forward. It was so intensely dark and thick that I could see but little with distinctness. Yet a strange feeling of intense cold made itself evident even then to my senses.

I leaped upon the forecastle.

Then a sight of horror burst upon my view.

High before me, extending out of sight, was a vast precipice—appearing in the darkness to be of immeasurable proportions. And at this the ship was crashing and pounding. At each stroke of the ship huge masses came thundering down, and falling with deafening noise into the ocean.

What was it? Was it the rocky coast of Newfoundland? or was it a lonely rock in the middle ocean?

It was neither. I soon knew all.

It was a vast iceberg!

The ice itself was not colder than the chill that rushed through every nerve as this appalling thought burst upon my mind. Then in one moment an utter sense of ruin, of hopeless desolation, took away my faculties.

But now there was no time to lose, nor was there time even to mourn. For the ship, acted upon by the long rolling waves of the Atlantic, was driving with fearful violence full against the enormous mass. I heard the crashing ice—I heard the shattering of her timbers—I heard the rush of the water as it poured into her.

The ship seemed alive, struggling like some drowning wretch to avert her fate. The groaning of her parting timbers sounded like a human voice—the voice of one in agony.

A mighty wave of gigantic size now lifted the quivering mass high into the air. Retreating backward it bore its load away from the iceberg for some considerable distance, but only to hurl it back with more tremendous force. Returning with redoubled power it flung the ship headlong against the enormous mass. I, who was standing on the prow, was thrown as though I had been a straw, off from the ship entirely. I fell prostrate and almost senseless upon the iceberg, on a declining surface along which I shot for a long distance, until I was stopped by an upright mass of ice.

All around me I heard a burst of fearful sound—a sound of crashing timbers, falling masts, roaring waters, crumbling masses of ice, and howling winds, while high and distinct above them all arose a shrill wail of human agony which shall never be forgotten by me, until my ear is closed to all earthly sounds forever.

"*Misericorde!*"

Alone there in the thick darkness, clinging to the mass of ice before me, with the tempest howling around, and the sense of horror at the fate of my companions, it was wonderful that through the accumulated terrors of that fearful moment my mind passed without failing beneath the unequaled trial.

"*Misericorde!*"

I too exclaimed the last word of my companions, and sunk senseless upon the ice.

How long I lay I knew not. It could not have been less than an hour, but at last sense returned, and with it all the recollection of my situation.

I rose to my feet painfully.

I was first aware of my own physical condition. Yet before doing any thing I cast a look around.

The fog had cleared away altogether.

The broad expanse of ocean lay before me, its deep blue surface reflecting the gorgeous rays of the sun which was just rising. There was not a breath of wind, and the sea was as unruffled as a mountain lake.

I cast a glance downward to see if there was a single vestige of the ill-fated ship.

Alas! not a single vestige could be seen. Not a plank—not even a chip floated upon the water. All had gone down. Not a wretch was saved. I only—I only had escaped to tell the tale.

I was standing upon a broad surface of ice nearly half an acre in extent. It was smooth and slippery as glass. It was nearly level. I was at the lower end of it, and had been stopped by a high wall against which I had struck.

The iceberg was of the most colossal magnitude and grandeur. At the side of the slippery surface where I stood it went sheer down perpendicularly into the sea. But its edge extended away on either side for an immense distance. Its edge ought to be called a *coast*, so extraordinary was its extent. On the other hand, behind me it ascended far into the air. Not all at once or abruptly, but by a series of terraces, until at last far away its lofty summit seemed to touch the clouds. The terraces were regular and even. At intervals along the ascent arose towers and pinnacles, and upon the topmost point a vast spire of glittering ice shot up straight into the skies for at least a hundred feet. Seen from a distance it looked like some glorious city, some magnificent capital such as we read of in the fantastic story of the Arabian dreamer.

Alas! to me there was no time for admiration or wonder. All this I took in at a glance. I quickly returned to myself.

I was chilled through. Fortunately I had slept that night with my clothes on, or it would have been worse with me. As it was, my hands and feet were perfectly numb.

I rubbed my hands violently, struck and beat them, and at the same time ran up and down stamping my feet. The violent exertion brought warmth into my system. My hands began at length to have something like sensation, but my feet were frozen.

I began to think now with greater despair upon my situation.

There was no hope for me!

I could see all around. Not a sail was upon the vast expanse. Yet on one side I could not see. It was hidden by the lofty island of ice.

In a moment my resolution was formed.

"I will go there," I said, aloud. "I can but die. To stay here will be to perish slowly. To go there will be to seek a chance for life. Moreover, it will distract my thoughts, which here will drive me mad. I will go."

And go I did. I set forth boldly. I mounted terrace after terrace as I went along on a journey such as no mortal man has ever undertaken. Buoyed up by the dear hope of life, I went bravely on.

Deep chasms intercepted me—awful precipices rose before me. My footstep disturbed immense masses of ice, which came crashing down, yet still I went on.

What will not hope make a man do?

On! on! Nearer! nearer! And now the summit is near—nearer—nearer. It is gained! There, at last, I stand at the foot of the lofty pinnacle—alone on my vast iceberg!

Alone! Oh, what is that upon the ocean?

Never before was the presence of man so dear to his despairing fellow.

There, not a mile from me, was the form of an ocean steamer, slowly passing by on the course toward America. I saw the tumult, the hurry, the thronging, the confusion.

I was seen.

The steamer hove to. A boat was let down, and in a few minutes was within hail. I pointed back to the other side of the island.

Back again I went—rejoicing—praying—singing with joy and gratitude.

I was saved!

A jump into the sea, and I was caught up and taken into the boat and into the steamer.

I am a saved man—and an artificial foot which I now am compelled to use ever reminds me of my fearful adventure.

LOST.

THE moon comes out and glimmers,
  The stars like diamonds gleam,
And long green boughs are waving
  O'er a pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts travel backward
  Into the long dead years,
And your face comes before me,
  Seen through a mist of tears.

We met—we loved—we parted,
  The story ever new;
We lived—we hoped—we waited,
  And so the long years grew.

A vast sea rolls between us,
  A gulf that time has made,
New habits grow upon us,
  Old beauties faint and fade.

Take one last look behind you,
  Into the vale of years,
Does my face come before you,
  Seen through a mist of tears?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

UNLESS there is some change in the law by which the confinement of persons in Insane Asylums is procured, almost any one is liable to be adroitly captured, and unsuspectingly decoyed into closer quarters than are desirable for any who are not either morally or mentally insane. Instances have been recently brought to light in this city and in Hartford—indeed, cases are *frequently* occurring which show clearly that the present law affords the *opportunity*, at least, of fearful wrong-doing. Ambition, revenge, and cupidity may find in it an easy method of putting out of the way one whose presence is offensive or undesirable. Any little eccentricity may be brought as proof of unsound mind, or, if that be wanting, two physicians can easily be found who will pocket a bribe and testify as is required. Charles Reade does not portray too vividly in his "Hard Cash" the horrors which a sane person might experience if confined in a "retreat" for lunatics.

Austrian scenery has received a new addition in the shape of a lake of pure water which suddenly made its appearance one day last August, where a few seconds before a field of oats had been growing. The land fell in with a crash like thunder. All sorts of theories have been invented to explain this phenomenon. This event transpired in the village of Moll, near Steyer, in Upper Austria.

The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College has received a large addition of physical and mechanical appliances, recently purchased in Europe by Professors Lyman and Newton. The number of students at the Scientific School is this year larger than ever before.

From Salt Lake City there comes a story of an attempt made by one of Brigham Young's daughters to elope with her "Gentile" lover. She was discovered, however, and carried back to the king's castle and locked up to prevent further mischief.

Statistics show that there have been forty-one fatal cases of hydrophobia in New York city within the last eighteen years. The months in which these cases have occurred indicate clearly that the majority of them have *not* occurred in what are called "dog-days." Facts confirm the opinion that dogs are not driven mad by hot weather.

It is said that many quarrels which occur between brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, and other persons who habitually room together, may be referred to electrical changes in their nervous systems consequent upon lodging together night after night. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest well, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged.

A Yankee, who doubtless spends his evenings meditating by the kitchen hearth, has discovered that the pitch of the singing of crickets depends directly on the temperature. Can not crickets be utilized, and barometers be superseded?

M. Szerelmey, the patentee of a new kind of coffin made of paper, seems to believe in the adaptability of paper to all the needs of civilized life. His object in introducing it into the manufacture of coffins is to obtain a perfectly air-tight, water-proof, and damp-defying shell, which nothing from without can penetrate, and nothing from within can escape. The Zopissa paper coffin, in which these conditions are said to be fulfilled, is a solid looking structure, very much resembling in build and thickness the ancient mummy cases preserved in the British Museum.

An English magazine, waiving the question of "woman's rights," discourses on "ladies' privileges," bidding the fair sex to consider how far they surpass the sterner sex in all the braveries of apparel; to recall their partners, walking attendant at their sides, like ravens or jackdaws, in sober black, while they appear in the fabrics of Persia, diffusing the perfumes of Araby, and despoiling the very rainbow of its hues for the enhancement of their charms. It bids them reflect how differently all this is arranged in the world of birds, beasts, and savages. The tiger in the jungle rejoices in a spotted splendor far greater in beauty than that which Nature has bestowed upon his spouse. The lion only wears the mane. The peacock spreads his gorgeous plumage in the sun, while it has pleased Providence to make the peahen a very so-so affair. And among the less civilized races, from the feathered and paint-daubed savage in his wigwam to the Grand Turk on his throne, it is the lords of creation for whom the tailors make the rich and showy robes. And contrasting husbands, fathers, and brothers with wives, mothers, and sisters, the pertinent query is made, "Is all this to stand for nothing?"

A new method of curing hay has lately been tried in England, and promises to succeed so well that the sun's mission in hay-making will not be so absolutely essential as it has been in past times. By this method the grass is taken from the field as fast as it is mown, and subjected to a blast of hot air for about ten minutes, when it is perfectly cured, and fit to be stowed away. This hot air is obtained from a furnace, and is drawn out by means of a revolving fan, worked by horse-power.

Can any thing be sadder than the last words of a little boy who lately died from injuries received by being run over in the street: "Don't whip me, father; I'll never do so again!" He was only six years old.

Chicago has a couple who met for the first time on Friday, courted Saturday, were "engaged" on Sunday, and married on Monday. The divorce is expected soon.

Boston has recently organized a National Musical Association, the objects of the society being to elevate the people to an appreciation of music, to improve the social standing of professional musicians, and both to create and supply a demand for educated musicians and good music. This enterprise grows out of the Peace Jubilee.

The "Aged Brotherhood" of Portland has been very successful, and now includes 125 veterans between the ages of 65 and 91. It is found impossible to organize an "Aged Sisterhood," as there is great difficulty in finding any woman 65 years of age.

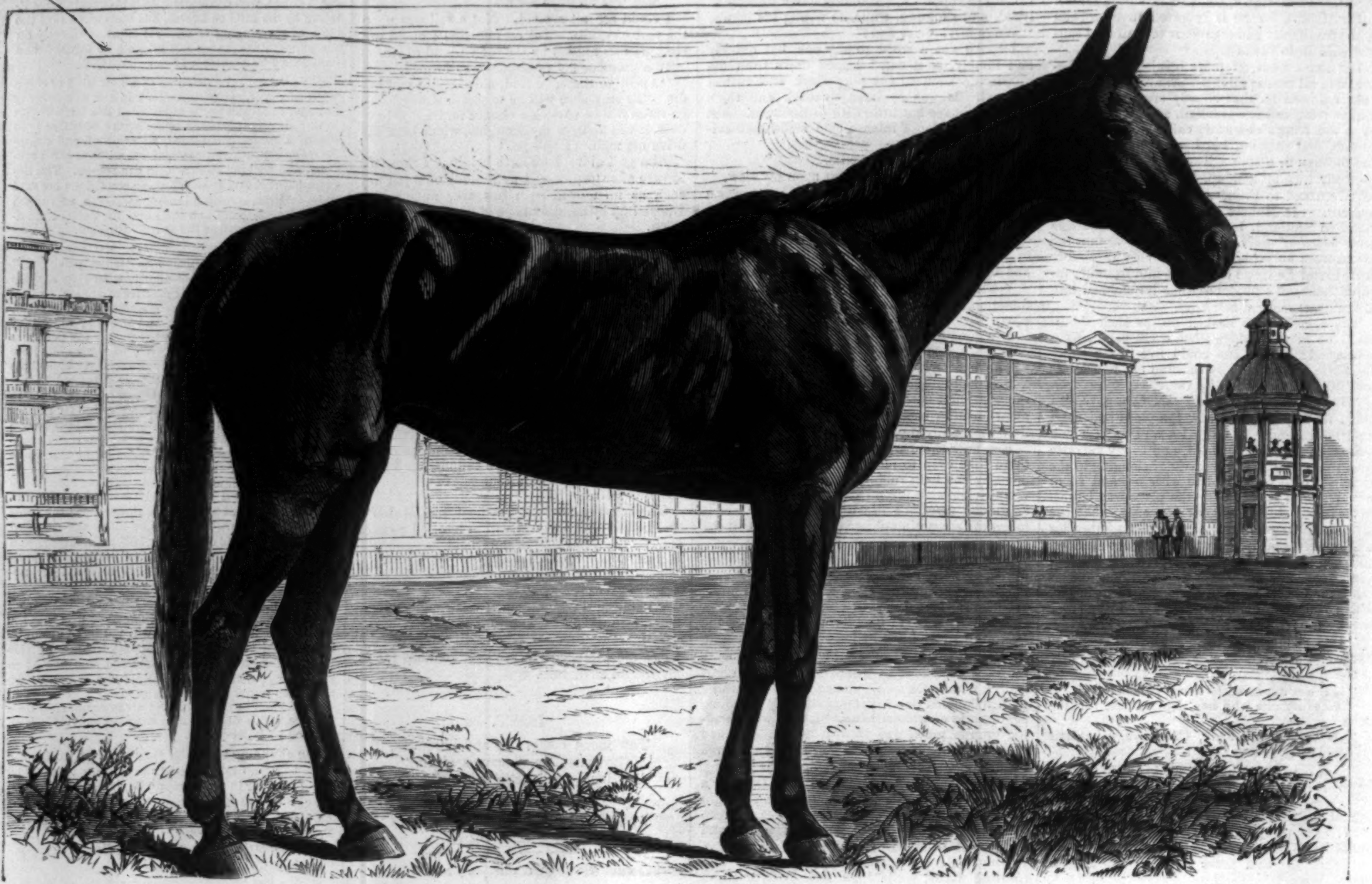
Between two of the highest of the Adirondack Mountains, at the bottom of a crevice a thousand feet or more in depth, precipice-walled and gloomy, lies Avalanche Lake, 2900 feet above tide-level. It is surmised by many that this lake and Lake Colden, at the south of it, were once one sheet, or at least connected by a deep ravine. A slide, rolled down from Mount Colden, closed the channel, threw back the waters, and the lake, avalanche born, was formed. Last August a furious storm of wind and rain occurred among the Adirondacks. A visitor reports that during that storm a mighty avalanche rushed down the side of Mount Colden, falling into Lake Avalanche, and literally making a dam across it, and dividing it into two lakes. Amidst many difficulties he visited the wild spot soon after this occurrence, while yet the dark waters were muddy from recent disturbances, and the lake strown with floating timber. It is predicted that after a few more mountain slides Avalanche Lake will become Avalanche Pass.

The latest discovery of science may be called "An Obstacle to Longevity beyond Seventy," which has been revealed to a learned Englishman, being nothing more or less than a drooping or pendent epiglottis! A paper was recently read before the British Association, stating that from a careful examination of five thousand throats, it had been ascertained that in all persons over seventy the position of the epiglottis was vertical, without a single exception. Consequently it is argued that those who are so unfortunate as to possess a pendent epiglottis will not live beyond seventy. This new discovery may be important to life insurance companies. But *query*, Who can tell but a law of nature may yet be revealed whereby pendent epiglottises may erect themselves *after* the age of seventy? The pendents need not be distressed.

Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, recently inaugurated President of the Northwestern University in Illinois, remarked in his address upon that occasion: "I can not doubt that she [woman] has an equal claim with man to all the advantages of our universities. Universities can not be duplicated for the accommodation of the sexes any more than churches. There is no sex in learning more than in religion. It is no more proper for man to determine this question for woman than it would be for woman to determine it for man. Science should be free to all.....I doubt not that before the nineteenth century shall close, all the best universities in Europe and America will educate both men and women."

Buffalo proposes to have a public park. The ground which will be devoted to this purpose possesses unusual natural advantages. Trees are already growing upon it, a creek flows through it, and at least two mineral springs contribute value to the proposed site of the park.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, where Mr. Spurgeon preaches, is a large and rather elegant edifice, with a portico and six massive Doric columns in front. The house seats five or six thousand, though, including those who stand, the audience usually is not less than seven thousand. Two deep galleries go all around the interior. A semi-circular platform, projected from the front of the lower gallery, is occupied by the speaker, who simply has before him a small table upon which are a Bible and hymn-book.



"LADY THORN."—[Photographed by Schreiber and Son, 818 Arch Street, Philadelphia.]

FOUR FAMOUS TROTTERS.

We give on this and the next page four illustrations representing some of the most famous trotters that have recently distinguished themselver on the American turf.

"Lady Thorne" is owned by **James D. M'Mann** and **Welch**; her sire was Mambrino Chief; her dam, Gano. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19¾ seconds.

"Goldsmith Maid," owned by **Jackman** and **Doble**, was sired by **Edsall's** Hambletonian; her dam was Old Abdallah. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19¼ seconds.

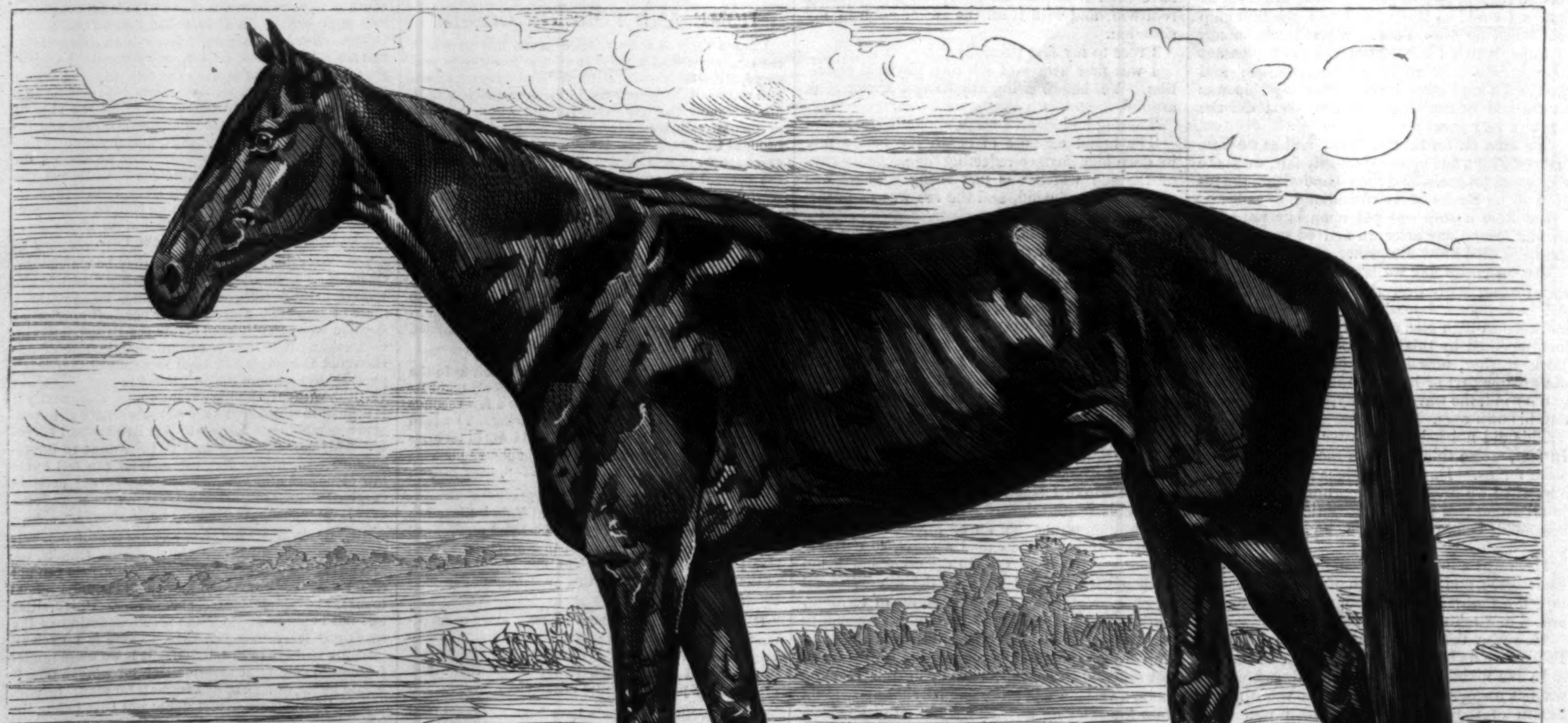
"The American Girl," owned by **William Lovell**, was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jun.; dam's pedigree unknown. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19 seconds.

"The Mountain Boy," owned by Commodore **Vanderbilt**, was sired by Major Winfield; dam unknown. His best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 21 seconds. He is said to lack wind, and not to be good for a long heat, but is admitted to have the best trotting movement ever witnessed on the course.

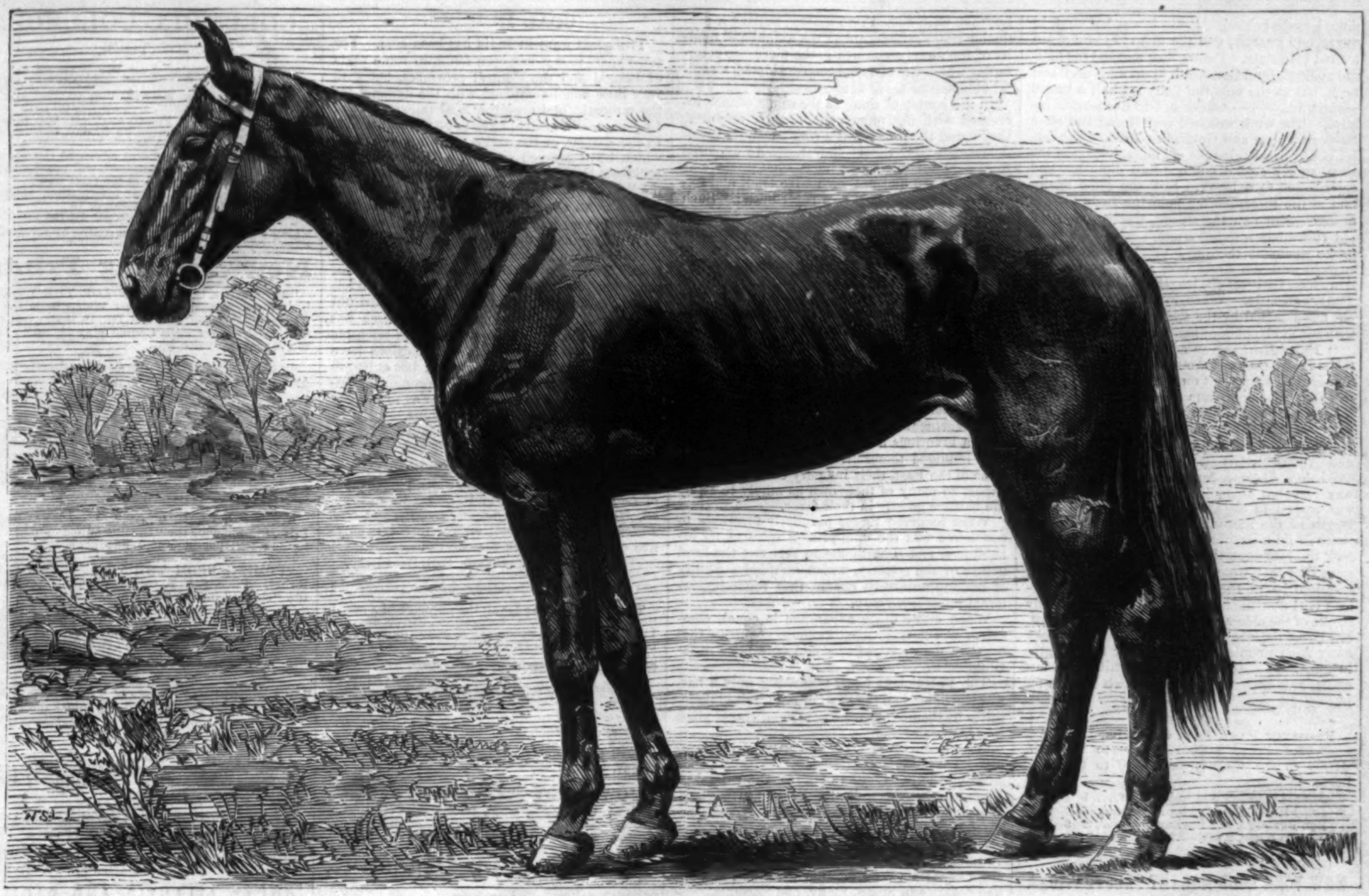
The three trotters first mentioned contested the course at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Long Island, September 28. The following account of this affair was given in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* for September 4:

"The great trot on Saturday last, between three of the best mares that ever came together on the turf, was one of the finest ever witnessed any where, and the fastest that was ever seen on the Island, if we except the three heats of Dexter at the Fashion against Ethan Allen and his running mate......

"*First Heat.*—American Girl had the pole, and Lady Thorn was second in position. After several efforts, in one or two of which Goldsmith Maid broke near the score, they got the word, American Girl having a trifle the best of it. On the turn American Girl led a length, and Lady Thorn was second. At the quarter, in 36¼s., Lady Thorn was at the girths of American Girl, and Goldsmith Maid two lengths behind. The wind was now behind them, and they squared



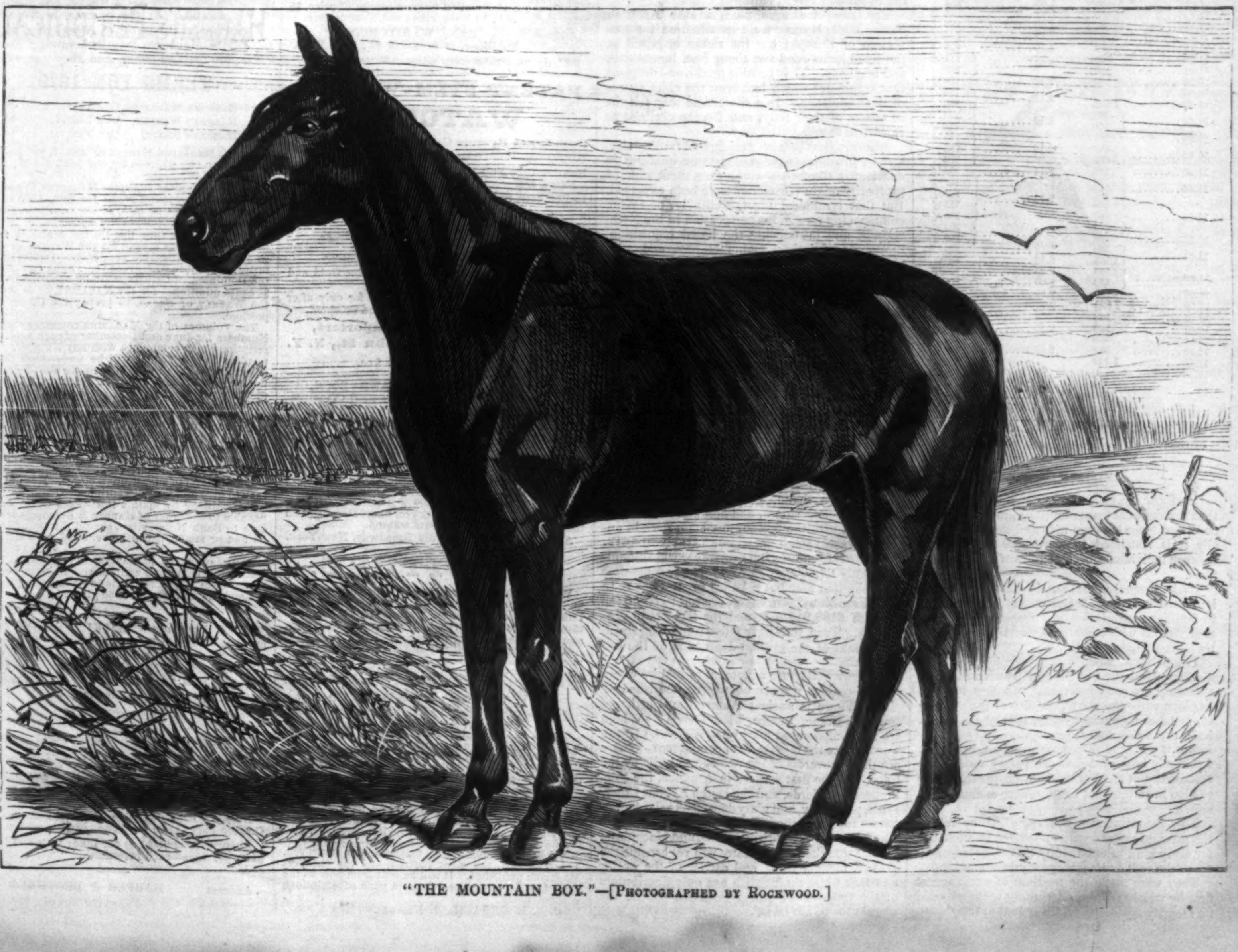
"GOLDSMITH MAID."—[Photographed by Schreiber and Son, Philadelphia.]



"THE AMERICAN GIRL."—[Photographed by Schreiber and Son.]

away fast and free. Half-way along between the quarter and the half mile Goldsmith Maid broke. The others kept up at the rate, and at the half mile American Girl and the Lady were head and head. Time, 1m. 9¾s.; the second quarter having been trotted in 33½s. On the lower turn the old mare showed a trifle in the lead. Goldsmith Maid broke again. At the three-quarter pole Lady Thorn led American Girl only a neck. The pace was strong and the interest intense. The two big mares swung around the last turn close together, and came on in a whirl of dust. In the straight bit Daniels laid on the whip, but it was no go, and the long, low stroke of the Lady cut the Girl down, although she had the inside, and beat her by a neck, in 2m. 20¾s. Goldsmith Maid was two lengths behind them, and her backers began to look blue.

"*Second Heat.*—A strong friend of the old mare's and of Dan Pfifer's carried the news over to his bedside, whereupon he said, 'The track is smooth and hard; she's fit to trot for a man's life, and they won't beat her!' So thought the public, for she was made the favorite at two to one against the field. Six times they scored before they got the word, American Girl having become somewhat unsteady. The old mare moved like clock-work, never expended an ounce of exertion that was not required, and never seemed to pull a pound. At the start American Girl had a trifle the worst of it. On the turn Thorn led a length, and Goldsmith Maid was two before American Girl. There was a break on the part of the Maid, and she took a little gallop. At the quarter in 36s. she was at Lady Thorn's haunches, and American Girl was



"THE MOUNTAIN BOY."—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

three lengths behind. Again it was hot work in the second quarter, and the fine old mare again trotted it in 33½s. Before they reached the half-mile pole she and Goldsmith Maid were neck and neck, but at the pole the Lady led half a length—time, 1m. 9½s.—American Girl five lengths behind. The work was still very strong and close between Thorn and Goldsmith Maid. The latter nearly overhauled the old mare, but again the long, steady stroke got her into difficulty, and carried her to a break. Still she came again, and at the three-quarter pole the Lady led but a neck. But now the strong, staying power of old Thorn began to tell a tale. Goldsmith Maid broke again at the head of the short home-stretch, and the Lady won it by six lengths. American Girl was six lengths behind the Maid. Time, 2m. 20½s. When Mr. M'Mann and the old mare passed by the stand they were saluted with much clapping of hands and cheering.

"*Third Heat.*—Any odds on Thorn, and no takers. At the start American Girl led a trifle, and Lady Thorn went on second. Doble tried to snatch the pole from behind; but "Jeems" knew just about where a sulky could go and where it couldn't. On the turn the old mare took a slight lead, and at the quarter in 36s. she and American Girl were neck and neck, and Goldsmith Maid a length behind. The pace was very hot again in the second quarter. It was trotted in 33¼s., and American Girl led a length at the half-mile in 1m. 9¼s., and Goldsmith Maid a length behind Thorn. The latter took the lead upon the turn; but the race was so close that they were as near together, all three, as might be, at the three-quarter pole. American Girl now made a skip, and the long, steady stroke of the old mare began to mow them down. She lasted the longest, as before, and coming clean away from them at last, won it by four lengths in 2m. 20¼s. Doble saved a little for a last effort, and beat American Girl two lengths for the second place."

SUMMARY.

Prospect Park Fair Grounds, L. I., August 28.—Purse $4000—$2500 to the first, $1000 to the second, and $500 to the third horse.

James M'Mann's b m Lady Thorn....	1	1	1
Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid...	3	2	2
Ben Daniel's b m American Girl.....	2	3	3

Time, 2.20¾—2.20½—2.20¼.

NEW YORK GOLD MARKET FLUCTUATIONS.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Sept. 24, 1869.

10.00	**150**	12.32	**133**
10.05	150⅛		135
10.08	150	12.35	136
10.55	150⅛	12.35	135
	150¼	12.36	136
10.56	150⅜	12.37	135
10.57	151¼		134
11.00	**155B**		135
11.01	155⅛	12.38	136
	155	12.52	135
	155⅛	12.53	136
11.02	155⅛	12.54	135⅛
11.07	155¼	12.55	135
11.08	155⅛	1.00	136
11.10	155	1.02	135
11.15	155¼	1.05	135
11.16	155⅛	1.13	136
11.19	**160**	1.50	135
11.20	160B	2.00	134⅞
11.21	160¼		135
11.22	160⅛	2.10	134⅞
11.25	160	2.11	134
11.30	**162**		133
11.34	161	2.12	134
	160		133
11.35	161	2.13	133⅛
11.36	162		133
	162⅛		134
11.40	162	2.14	133¾
11.46	161	2.14	133⅛
	160		133¼
11.52	159		133⅛
	160		133¾
	161	2.16	133⅛
11.53	160		133¼
11.54	159	2.18	133⅝
	155	2.19	133⅛
11.56	145	2.25	133¼
	140	2.26	133⅛
11.58	150	2.30	133¼
11.59	**160**	2.31	133
12.05	148		133¼
12.07	140	2.35	133⅛
12.08	145	2.36	134
12.09	142		134⅛
12.10	**140**		134¾
12.16	147	2.45	134⅞
12.17	140		134¾
12.19	138	2.50	134
12.20	136	2.51	133⅞
	135	2.52	133⅝
12.30	134	3.00	133⅝
Closed.			

COMMERCE.

Commerce in its general sense means no more than a reciprocal communication, intercourse, or correspondence between man and man; but usually it is restricted to mercantile negotiations between individuals or companies of different nations.

Trade, properly speaking, is that traffic which is limited to one particular county or town, but in familiar conversation it is frequently used as synonymous with commerce; as the West India trade, the African trade, etc.

Trade began when men, becoming civilized, associated in large communities, and it was found necessary for each individual to follow but one employment—and the superfluity of the produce of his labor he exchanged for that of his neighbor; this was called *barter*.

But it was soon found inconvenient, because it frequently happened that one person wanted the commodity of another, without having any taing to give in return that could render exchange desirable.

This inconvenience was remedied by taking the precious metals, gold and silver, in exchange for every kind of commodity that could administer to the real or imaginary wants of mankind.

They were made the medium of exchange at first by weight; but, as weighing them afforded no security against the debasement of their quality, they were coined into money, bearing a particular stamp, significant of the weight and quality of the metal contained in the piece—to counterfeit which has always been considered a capital offense.

In the course of time, as the wants of men increased with the refinement of their manners, they found the produce of a single country insufficient to supply them; they therefore explored distant regions, bringing home such produce as they could not find in their native land, and exporting in return their own superfluities. Such is the origin of commerce.

Trade and commerce may be, with propriety, considered as synonymous; according to present usage the latter may be called foreign, the former domestic commerce.

So great is the advantage arising from an early attainment of commercial knowledge that thousands, who have taken pains to acquire it, have risen to opulence, and many have in consequence discharged some of the highest offices in the state.

The Egyptians were the people who first extended their commerce to foreign lands, by the encouragement they gave to navigation. They were a luxurious but prudent people; for while they indulged themselves in the costly productions of the East, their industry enabled them to export so many of their own as amply to repay the balance greatly in their favor.

What rendered Egypt peculiarly favorable to commerce was the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, and subordinate to this was the level nature of the country, which afforded a facility of making numerous canals, thus rendering internal intercourse easy.

When every other advantage is equal, commerce will flourish most in those countries that exercise the most sagacity and enterprise in facilitating it.

The Phœnicians next, possessing only a narrow slip of land on the coast of Asia, raised themselves by their extensive commercial transactions to a high consideration among nations; they are said to be the first people who reduced the commercial art to a fixed system.

After the destruction of Tyre, the capital of Phœnicia, by Alexander the Great, Carthage became the chief seat of commerce; and so successful did it prove, that in a comparatively short period that famous city contained no less than 700,000 inhabitants; and above three hundred cities of Africa were dependent on her, and she had colonies in Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia.

After the destruction of Carthage, the city of Rome became mistress of the profitable trade of the East Indies. This, however, introduced a refined luxury and elegance, which, while it brought the fine arts to the highest degree of perfection, was carried to such an excess, as finally to cause the destruction, not only of commerce, but of the state itself.

We derive from the Romans the insurance or assurance of ships and merchandise from losses at sea. This has been adopted and considerably improved by modern nations.

The city of Bruges next, in the Austrian Netherlands, became from its situation the emporium of Europe; but the riches acquired by the inhabitants rendered them idle, inattentive, and negligent. They became proud, and despised that commerce which had been the chief source of their opulence. In a short time they felt the ill effects of their folly, and Bruges declined as rapidly as it rose.

Antwerp next became a celebrated trading city, and its inhabitants possessing those qualities so deficient in the former city a permanent state of prosperity might reasonably have been expected. But that tyrannical bigot, Philip II. of Spain, commencing a religious persecution in the Netherlands, and introducing the hated inquisition, thousands of artists, manufacturers, and merchants took refuge in foreign countries, and thus the sun of Antwerp's prosperity set in darkness.

An example of the intimate connection there is between civil liberty and commercial freedom and national prosperity; without the former, the latter can not reasonably be expected.

England being at that time governed by a princess (Queen Elizabeth), who powerfully supported heretical opinion, great numbers of these refugees settled in her dominions; there they prospered highly, and laid the foundation of that commercial greatness which England has since attained, in spite of Government attempts to exploit industry for the benefit of nations.

The commerce of most of the ancient nations was principally that of fruits, salt, skins, rice, sugar, cassia, balm, perfume, spices, precious metals, precious stones, and flax and wool. But compared with the present day commerce in ancient days was small, for so late as the year 1612, the exports from England to all the world amounted to only £2,090,640. And this was some time after she had founded colonies in America. In 1866 English exports were declared to be of the value of £188,917,536, and the imports in proportion. True, they have fallen something since, on account of the general depression of the last two years.

We may well pause a moment to inquire where are the nations whence commerce flourished of old? Where is ancient Alexandria, Carthage, Imperial Rome, Venice, Pisa, Genoa? Where are the confederated maritime cities—the Hanse Towns, once the mistresses of commerce? Where are the discoverers of the passage to India by the Cape, and the first settlers in America, the Portuguese, Spaniards, and the Dutch? Alas! their spirit, prosperity, and glory departed to the Anglo-Saxon race, and there it yet remains. And the English Brights, Goldwin Smiths, and Macaulays, declare that the United States will yet become the grower, manufacturer, and carrier of the world, and that while the English are only distributors of the treasures of others, America will be the distributor of her own.

COAL IN INDIA.

The great want in India has been coal. For some years past it has been found in some parts of Bengal and the Central provinces, but with very little effect compared with the demand for the mineral; and even the local railways, when English coal is scarce, have to be fed with wood, to the danger of the trains and their contents, which have suffered severely at times through accidents by fire. But a new discovery has been made in this direction, promising most important results. An extensive field of useful coal has, we are informed, been found in the sandstone districts of Chanda, in the Central provinces, the chief town of which is about eighty miles from Nagpore. The discovery is due to Mr. Lucie Smith, the deputy commissioner of the district, who followed up the trace from a slaty coal picked out of the bed of the Wurdah, and the search has been continued, it appears, by various scientific gentlemen ever since 1865. Conclusions have been arrived at with great caution; but at length a report has been made to the Supreme Government of so encouraging a character as to warrant more active and extended operations.

Photographs of Celebrated Horses.—We have excellent instantaneous photographs of *Lady Thorn*, *Dexter* and *Lady Thorn* grouped, *Mountain Boy*, *Confidence*, *Bradly*, and *Geo. Palmer*. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents each, or six for one dollar.

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New Trotting Prints.

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"THE BRUSH ON THE HOMESTRETCH." American Girl, Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, Bashaw Jr., Rhode Island, and Geo. Wilkes, in their great trot for $3000 purse, Prospect Park Fair Ground, May 29, 1869. Size, 25 x 33 inches. Price, $3.

"WON BY A NECK." Lady Thorn, American Girl, and Goldsmith Maid trotting their great race on the Prospect Park Fair Grounds, August, 1869, Lady Thorn winning in three heats, in 2:20¾, 2:20½, 2:20¼. Size, 25 x 33 inches. Price, $3.

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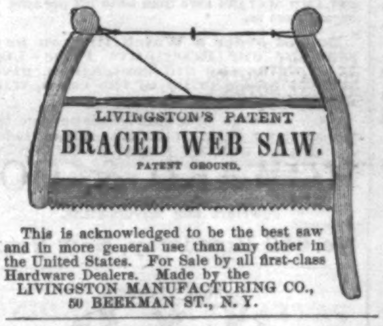

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